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EDITORIAL NOTICE.—Contributions are not invited, but will be considered provided a stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for their return if unsuitable. They should be typewritten.

This REVIEW must be published on Thursday instead of Friday next week, because of the Easter Holidays. It will be on sale at our offices on Thursday at 10 o'clock.

Notes of the Week

THE Prime Minister goes to Genoa at a moment when there is the gravest industrial disturbance in this country. He has not learned the lesson of that disturbance. How then can he apply it? The shipbuilding industry remains at a standstill for the same reasons that many industries throughout the world have ceased to operate. Political legislation imposing restrictions on industry, high taxation, and wages at a level which prevents production at a reasonable cost—these are the causes which are really responsible for the shipbuilding crisis in this country and are at the root of trade stagnation. Let the Prime Minister understand these causes of the depression in his own country. Let us have a stringent economy in the coming Budget, and relief in taxation, and he will have done his part to revive the trade of Europe. For the rest, it is fatal to lead working men into the false belief that they can recover prosperity by his artificial application of ill-conceived remedies at Genoa. They can only recover it by being informed of the true position. The employers in the shipbuilding industry have endeavoured to acquaint their men with the primary facts. Mr. Lloyd George undermines any chance of a proximate settlement when he tells them that it is not on them that the real responsibility lies, but on the conditions of Europe, which he is going to set right.

In the midst of the turmoil of a very ferocious Civil War which has involved Ireland in anarchy, the Irish Peace Conference solemnly begins another agreement with the words "Peace is declared." Another conference! Another agreement! No number of assertions of this character, even cumulatively, have the effect of

settling age-long disputes, or of calming a people ingenerately predisposed to vendetta. But when one looks into this pious agreement, which once more has been heralded by the idealists as the dawn of yet another new era, what does one find the sanctions of this new peace to be? The abolition of trial by jury, a united appeal for restraint, and the same old list of phrases with their usual leaven of a grant from the British taxpayer, in this case amounting to £500,000. The whole thing is not worth the paper it is written on, and unless there is a change of heart, high-sounding generalizations will do no more for Ireland than they have done for the rest of the world. No sane man expected that the signature of the Treaty would inaugurate a new world. All it does is to relieve us of responsibility for a very old one. That in itself is no small boon.

The political week has been remarkable for two resolutions of confidence in the Coalition Government. The first was moved, unusually, by the Prime Minister himself. The second was a challenge to the Coalition, made by Sir W. Joynson-Hicks on behalf of the Constitutional Conservatives. The debate on Monday was most unreal and the voting must in no sense be considered a triumph for the Prime Minister. Anyone could vote for it, and so great was the confusion that some members actually voted for the Government on the main question and against it on the Labour amendment. The motion of Sir W. Joynson-Hicks was well drafted and sought to enlist the support of all the oppositions. It came, however, at an unfortunate moment, only three days after the main vote of confidence moved by Mr. Lloyd George. It was, therefore, hardly to be expected that a House which had registered its approval on the Genoa policy on Monday would be in a serious mood to discuss the position of the Coalition on Thursday. Mr. Chamberlain accordingly, fortified by the Government's recent success, had no difficulty in dealing with the Constitutional Conservatives.

It emerges most clearly from the discussions in the House of Commons in the course of this week, that the real strength of the Government lies not so much in its own unity as in the deep mutual distrust of the various oppositions. The Constitutional Conservatives would rather run a mile than be seen in the same lobby with the Labour members. The feeling is reciprocated and it is only on the rarest occasions that there is any combination between the Liberals, the Constitutional Conservatives and Labour. The resolution on Monday provided an excellent opportunity for a combined attack on the Government. Instead of the Whips of the three parties meeting together and deciding to put up a united fight on the main issue, or even to move a common amendment which they could all support, they deliberately preferred each to take his own separate course. The Prime Minister therefore had a much easier task than he might otherwise have had. The Coalition Government will continue to enjoy its great majorities and will remain emancipated from adequate criticism so long as these petty differences divide the oppositions. Moreover, the country will be confirmed in the very general view that there is no alternative to the Coalition. And this is the strongest argument which its protagonists can use in favour of its continuance.

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Sir George Younger voted for the Government both on the Genoa resolution and on the motion of Sir W. Joynson-Hicks. He has thus publicly registered his disapproval of the tactics of the Constitutional Conservatives and of his desire to see the Coalition continue. The "Die-Hards" are thus officially dead. Such are the fluctuations of politics! Up till a week ago they were daily growing in strength. They had been called the salt of the party. They had been praised even by Mr. Winston Churchill. Sir George Younger was certainly regarded as their one great hope. He controls the official machine, and with him on their side they could have done anything. What is the explanation of their temporarily changed fortunes? Sir George Younger had only two objects in view. He desired the unity of the Conservative party and he wished to ensure that at the next General Election the two sections of the present administration should take the field as separate armies, unified, if at all, only by a common plan of campaign. He has failed in the first of his objects by a certain weakness and hesitation. Will he fail in the second?

There was only one chance of re-uniting the Conservative party, and that was to break the Coalition and bring the party out of it. The prestige of Sir George Younger was so high that he was the only man who could have done this. The leaders were all on the point of giving way, even against their better judgment, as their speeches have universally shown. They were accommodating themselves to the inevitable, for they realized that the man who controlled the machine must in the long run have the last say. There was every evidence that they were prepared to forsake their desire for the formation of a centre party. Suddenly everything changed. Sir George Younger made it clear that he was satisfied that Conservative unity had been achieved and that in the circumstances he was quite ready to tolerate the continuance of the Coalition. The Conservative leaders sighed with relief and the Constitutional Conservatives were left out in the cold. Is this the Conservative unity that Sir George so much desires? He has ignominiously retreated and the position is exactly where it was before all the bother started.

An arrangement has now been made between Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Austen Chamberlain whereby a General Election shall be deferred till October. When the General Election comes, the two parties which compose the Coalition are to go severally into the field on a common programme. This satisfies Sir George Younger. It is the second of his objects. It will be noticed how deftly Mr. Lloyd George is recovering himself. Having made the fatal error of allowing his General Election plans to be upset by Sir George Younger at the beginning of the year, his position seemed well nigh hopeless. It would have remained hopeless but for the sudden *volte face* of the Conservative organizer. The Prime Minister has affected to give way at every stage, whereas in reality it has been Sir George Younger who has been retreating. Now the Prime Minister is given a pause. Between this moment and a General Election there is yet time to strive hard, and by devious ways, to assure the formation of a centre party. Could this be done the Prime Minister's future position would be very hopeful. It can only be done, of course, with the consent of the Conservative leaders. Lord Birkenhead has always been in favour of the course. Mr. Austen Chamberlain has shown that he might be influenced in any direction. The other Conservative Ministers are for the most part decidedly in favour of the idea, as a consideration of their individual positions shows.

Sir Robert Horne holds in the Chancellorship of the Exchequer a high office which he could never so rapidly have reached under a Conservative Government. His whole interest therefore lies in the consolidation of the

present Government. Sir Laming Worthington-Evans has also reached a prominence which he could hardly have expected so quickly to have attained had his own party been solely in power. In him, therefore, as in Sir Robert Horne, the Prime Minister can place a certain confidence. While the more important of the Conservative Privy Councillors remain outside the party, the sweets of uncommonly high office can be relished by men who in normal circumstances would be at the most under-Secretaries of State. If Lord Derby, Lord Middleton, Lord Salisbury, the Duke of Devonshire, Lords Robert and Hugh Cecil and Mr. Bonar Law had the places which they would occupy if the Coalition yielded to a Conservative Government, the present Ministers would be in a very different position. As it is, those Conservatives who remain outside the Government are not a very serious factor in opposition, and those who are there will not easily give up what they have for an uncertainty. The most potent influences, therefore, work in favour of the continuance of the Coalition. Sir George Younger has lost his chance of making history and even the oppositions by their disunion work in favour of the Coalition.

Another factor which contributes to the Prime Minister's security is the disunion of Liberalism. The small band of Independent Liberals is partly Socialist in character and partly individualist. They will stand no chance whatever as a party in the country until they definitely make up their mind on which side of the fence they are coming down. For a small party they have more great ex-Ministers in their ranks than any other. Their leaders almost to a man profess to be individualist. Yet their party meetings, if report be true, are characterized by the deepest dissensions, and leaders give no satisfactory lead to their followers. It is time that Sir John Simon, Lord Buckmaster, Lord Gladstone and Sir Donald Maclean met together and enunciated a clear programme to assist the party in the House of Commons and the candidates in the constituencies. The Coalition, reversing its previous policies, is now posing as the great individualist organization. Is there no one to contest the claim with them? If not, Liberalism is doomed.

It is surely time that the Naval Staff at the Admiralty issued some more authoritative statement than the opinions of Lord Lee of Fareham on their technical policy with regard to the Naval armaments. Sir Percy Scott fills the columns of the Press with apparently convincing variations on his theme, "The Battleship is no Damned Use at All." Now and then an ancient sea-dog of the masts-and-yards period is unearthed in order to contradict him, but the young brains of the Navy, obedient to their Service restrictions, maintain a disdainful silence. Nevertheless the public has a right to hear the other side. It is a matter for experts, and not one in which the pronouncements of the so-called experts of the Press can be of much help. We believe that the Admiralty staff has very strong opinions on the subject and has good reasons for them; but if they are not stated the public, who has to pay, may assume that there is no good case at all for the building of heavy ships, and judgment against them may go by default.

As was to be expected, Japan, who is not at all altruistic but knows her own mind, is making the Washington treaties a matter of interpretation, and is acting on them as seems best in her own interests. According to an important message from its Tokyo correspondent which appeared in the *Times* on Tuesday, the high authorities of Japan have decided that, as the naval agreement limits the defence works of the islands in the Pacific to the *status quo*, the Japanese naval line of defence shall be drawn in much nearer home, and that, as the supersession of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance

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leaves Japan "single-handed" in international crises, it is necessary for her to take every precaution "by extending connexions with neighbouring regions to secure supplies and thus, in the event of war, bring about a drawn battle." Do the words quoted in the last sentences mean that Japan intends to abandon her programme of political and military expansion in China, and replace it by an intensive commercial and industrial exploitation that will give her all the supplies she thinks she may need? It may be so, but with whom is to be the war against which she must protect herself? These are grave questions, but what is plain is that, notwithstanding all the gush at Washington and London about peace being assured, Japan is determined to take no chances.

In our last issue we drew attention to the fact that the Quadruple Pacific Treaty, though ratified by the American Senate, was subject to what is known as the Brandegee reservation which practically made the treaty valueless. Our readers will be interested in the following passage, which is taken from an article written by Mr. Frank H. Simonds, a leading American publicist, and published in this week's *Sunday Times*: "This battle (over the treaty) has now been won by the Administration, but it has been won purely and simply by the acceptance of a reservation drawn by Senator Brandegee, which literally denatures the Four-Power Pact of all real or imaginary political value. As it stands, the treaty now commits the United States to nothing more than to respect the territorial integrity of the other signatories, and to confer in case of differences between the signatories."

Though the question of reparations is banned at the Genoa Conference it is certain, we think, that it will be a subject of keen discussion unofficially and informally among the delegates, and this all the more because the German Delegation, which is headed by Dr. Wirth himself, has the backing of a large majority in the Reichstag, thus giving him a strong position. At the close of the debate, to which we alluded last week, the policy of the Chancellor in protesting against the recent decisions of the Reparations Commission, was approved by 248 to 81 votes. On this occasion he had the support of the German People's Party, which is mainly composed of industrialists led by Herr Stinnes, and of the Socialists who are followers of Herr Scheidemann. His majority, in fact, included all the political groups except those of the Extreme Right and Extreme Left. While it is notable that never before has he had such wide support, the most significant thing is the action of the Stinnes Party, who evidently regard his policy, as declared in the debate, as tantamount to a refusal to accept the decisions of the Commission. If Germany does refuse, what then?

It is difficult not to feel sympathy for the melancholy fate of the ex-Emperor Charles, but the fact remains that his death can hardly fail to have a tranquillizing effect in Hungary and tend to improve her relations with the Succession States, who, it will be recalled, were on the point of going to war against her some months ago, when he made his second attempt to regain the throne. The Hungarian Legitimists have issued a proclamation in which his son Otto is styled King, and the ex-Empress Zita Regent, but the proclamation was instantly suppressed by the Horthy Government, who at the same time published a statement that the law, which was passed last year, debaring the entire House of Habsburg from the throne, would be upheld, and that the promises made to the Entente with respect to the selection of a king would be scrupulously observed. Admiral Horthy has acted with commendable promptitude and firmness in the interest of peace. His task has been an arduous one—he became Regent two years ago, and on the

whole he has discharged it well. As Otto is a mere child of nine years, it is scarcely likely that general opinion in Hungary will rally to the boy's cause for the present, whatever may happen in the future.

We are sorry that the admirably stage-managed visit of M. Coué to this country has received so exaggerated a measure of publicity. It is the misfortune as well as the merit of his system that it possesses a certain degree of surface simplicity which appeals to the ignorant and charlatan, and thereby already threatens to invest the name of M. Coué himself with a suspicion of totally undeserved ridicule. If there is nothing in his theories that is particularly new—and they are, indeed, in their essence as old as the hills and may possibly be identified with the faith that can remove such obstacles—there is certainly much that is within definite limits true; and provided the practice of them can be confined to those competent to indulge them, immeasurable good may result. Coué-ism is at least a refreshing antidote to the heavy overdose of fashionable Freudism from which the semi-intelligent are at present suffering. But it is precisely from these people, who would make a "stunt" of it, that the creed of M. Coué must be scrupulously protected.

Mr. Austen Chamberlain never made a better speech in his life than the one which he delivered on Wednesday in reply to the resolution of Sir W. Joynson-Hicks. Making a welcome departure from his heavier and more ponderous manner he indulged in the most light-hearted raillery at the expense of his recalcitrant followers. What were the principles to which they were so continually referring? As far as he could understand they stood for "God, King and Empire." Was it suggested that the Coalition and the other parties in the State stood for the opposite, and if so what was the opposite? Mr. Chamberlain was undoubtedly right. As we have already pointed out, the Constitutional Conservatives have fallen into the prevailing weakness of talking vaguely about principles without in the least attempting to define, and without in the least understanding, what the principles are for which they stand. If the very effective criticism of Mr. Chamberlain influences the Constitutional Conservatives to enunciate unequivocally a clear and concise policy, it will not have been made in vain.

The ideas of individualism are making great progress in the country. There are evidences of the greatest reaction against Socialism. A most interesting debate was initiated by Sir J. D. Rees in the House of Commons on the motion to go into Committee of Supply on the Civil Service Estimates on Tuesday. He moved for the appointment of a Royal Commission to inquire into, or a Board to take over the rationing of, all expenditure on public assistance with a view to its proper co-ordination. He drew attention to the vast increase in State charitable expenditure and the lax principles of administration by which it was governed. Mr. Hilton Young gave a very unsatisfactory answer. We are convinced that there is no more urgent question than the consideration of whether the State is the proper agency through which the benefits of social reform should be conferred. The country lives on industry, from whose coffers are taken no less than £400,000,000 annually for the purposes of social reform. The sum is levied solely in order that it may be returned by way of assistance to wages after it has been watered down in the process to support a vast bureaucracy. Our readers are aware of our views on this subject, and we shall in the future examine the whole matter in greater detail.

April 11 will be the bicentenary of the birth of one of the strangest and most unhappy figures in English literature—Christopher Smart, a poet of whom no one has yet written a true estimate. In his life-time he was

generally admired for his odes and also for his lighter poems, though Johnson, on being asked whether Smart or Derrick was the better poet, replied that there was no settling the point of precedence between a louse and a flea. Since the close of the eighteenth century, however, when Smart has been remembered at all it has been as the author of the magnificent 'Song to David,' which he wrote while confined in Bedlam; this his contemporaries excluded, as merely giving "melancholy proof" of his lunacy, from the collected editions of his work, and it was left for Browning to rediscover its beauty. Contemporary judgment was nevertheless right in valuing highly certain of Smart's odes, which, as any one of the few living persons who have read them will admit, are very fine in a more restrained manner. Smart was at one time a fellow of Pembroke College, Cambridge, but he came down so low in life as to sign what was perhaps the most fantastic of all literary contracts, that whereby he hired himself to a bookseller on a ninety-nine years' lease.

THE CONDITION OF EUROPE

THE Coalition Government now enters on a new and serious phase of its history. The most urgent considerations of opportunism have caused it to abandon every single tenet of its policy for reconstruction at home. Subsisting, as it has done throughout its career, on its appeal to the spectacular it must find new worlds to conquer. If the people at home will no longer swallow the patent pills for regeneration, then they must be amused and diverted by watching the effect of the medicine as it is forced down other throats. Mr. Lloyd George is now about to make a Europe fit for heroes. Just as of old kings whose thrones were endangered by domestic distrust sought to revive national unity by enterprises abroad, so now the Prime Minister would recover his personal prestige and distract us from attention to our internal difficulties by a sensational gathering of the nations in a continental metropolis. Forgetting, or rather hoping that we shall forget, the scorn that he once poured on conferences in another context, he goes to wage peace against the world at Genoa. Last year he was of another mind and told us that these conferences never transact any business. "They encourage," he said, "the faithful, they hearten the faint, and everybody goes home feeling he has taken part in the only show on earth." Our one hope is that the political habit of saying nothing at enormous length will prevent anything from being done in Genoa. For whatever is done by these amateurs will have to be undone afterwards. But what more glittering ideal can be held out to the unhappy people of this country than a Poland turning swords into ploughshares, than a Germany, free and disentangled, contributing its merchandise to the common stock, than a Vienna prosperous and throbbing with industrial activity, and a Russia feeding the hungry continent once more with bread? The lands will again flow with milk and honey, and both these commodities will be quoted at a profitable rate on the Bourses of Europe.

Somehow or other Mr. Lloyd George has been able to obtain some association in the public mind between our depression and the artificial revival of Eastern Europe. The first cannot be improved unless the second be attended to, and that Mr. Lloyd George proposes to do. Following in the wake of Mr. Keynes and a myriad other economists, he has a scheme for the revival of Europe. But Europe was never yet revived by schemes, and a conference never did anything but pass resolutions. It is therefore of the highest importance that the public should realize the essentially illogical process which connects the premises of the Prime Minister with his conclusions. He made on Monday a brilliant diagnosis of the ills of Europe, an accurate analysis of the condition of Europe, and a realistic description of its difficulties. But this country will build its hopes on a false

foundation indeed, if it imagines for one instant that by a cursed spite Mr. Lloyd George is going to Genoa to set things right. He told us that there would be gathered in Italy the representatives of thirty nations, from the Atlantic to the Urals, who have been devastated as a result of the war. The channels of their common trade had been dried up. Unless that trade could be restored there could never be a revival of internal prosperity in any single country. Then he passed to his conclusions. The whole problem was essentially simple. It all turned on the machinery by which international trade is operated, namely, on currency and credit. The exchanges had broken down. He would set them up again. The Brussels Conference had been abortive, presumably because it was composed of financiers who understood what they were talking about. He did not understand what he was talking about. He approached these matters with an unbiased mind. He had seen that political considerations had been left out of account by the economists. He would remove all political obstacles. The main political obstacle was Russia. The importance of recognizing Russia and of admitting her into the comity of nations had long been present to his mind, and we are to infer that his attitude in desiring the political recognition of Russia had aroused the opposition, not only of the main body of the Conservative party, but that it had been the main cause of the dissension in the Cabinet. He described with unimpeachable accuracy the importance of Russia to the world. He had been told by his opponents that we could recompense ourselves for our loss of trade in Europe by trading with the Dominions and Colonies. He was right when he said in controverting that argument that our Colonies and Dominions could only pay for their goods by their sales to European countries. Even our trade with India had declined because the European markets had been closed. The importance to India of Russia is illustrated by her pre-war exports of tea to that country, which amounted to 60,000,000 lbs. annually.

Now all this is true, and therein lies the danger. It is one thing to state a problem and quite another to solve it. And in this case the proposed solution is based on a thorough-going ignorance of the conditions of trade. Mr. Lloyd George has reached the astounding conclusion that trade is conducted by nations. It is not. It is conducted by individuals. A merchant in this country who trades with Russia or with Central Europe makes his bargain with a merchant in Russia or in Central Europe and not with a Government. He investigates the position and credentials of the man with whom he proposes to do business. If he is satisfied he takes his commercial risk. If he is not, he does not do business. How the recognition of Russia is going to alter the position it surpasses the comprehension of any man with a knowledge of the factors of trade to understand. Either there is a market for the goods or there is not. To lay down in the circumstances a series of conditions in which Russia shall be recognized as a political entity does not influence the position in the slightest degree. To say that Russia must recognize her obligations has as little to do with the case as the flowers that bloom in the Spring. If Russia has not the money to pay her obligations, no amount of recognition will suffice to help her. She will not be able to pay her obligations in the lifetime of any man living. It is not the politicians who make the trade of Europe, although by the application of their ignorant remedies they can do much to injure it. It is not Mr. Lloyd George or his continental colleagues who meet the bills of our merchants. That is the function of the merchants of the countries concerned.

If Mr. Lloyd George understood the conditions of his own country he would better understand the difficulties of the merchants of Russia, Czecho-Slovakia, and Timbuctoo. Their difficulties, in short, are our difficulties. They suffer as we do from the internal problems of their own countries. What is our position

at home? Trade, which is reviving already, would be pulsating with life to-morrow if the bandages which restrict its movements could be removed. Trade recovery is hampered by the heavy weight of taxation, by certain types of legislation and by the high costs of labour. Here is the problem in all its simplicity. It is the problem not only of England but of Europe. The merchants of Europe know this as well as the merchants of England. It is their own Governments that they must influence. No new machinery or artificial appliance will set things right. Yet our Prime Minister with one voice tells us that Germany has too light a burden of taxation as compared with our own, and with another that some export credit scheme can recover European trade. If her taxation were heavier, nothing could stimulate her trade. No; it is not Europe that Mr. Lloyd George has to stimulate, but England. If he does not understand the conditions of his own country, how can he understand the conditions of the world? It is not to Genoa that he should be going, but to Manchester.

THE PRIME MINISTER'S RESIGNATION

IN circumstances which it is difficult for simple men to understand, the Prime Minister's resignation has not taken effect. The reason which led up to that resignation, namely, the dissidence of the Conservative parties, remains. Nor has the palsied grasp of the leaders upon their followers been strengthened by the blatant benedictions which they have so liberally bestowed upon the mutineers. Another bargain has been struck and the signatories to the bond, continuing in high magnanimity to forget the mutual recriminations of the past, and to hide behind a disarming frankness and a pretended agreement their deep aversion from one another, still devote their heterogeneous efforts to the services of an amazed House of Commons and a perplexed electorate. The most singular characteristic of this strange occurrence is that no explanation whatever is proffered. There have been published in the public Press, with a confidence that bears every mark of authenticity, the terms of the now historic letter which the Prime Minister is said to have indited to Mr. Austen Chamberlain. The conditions on which a Conservative administration succeeding to the inheritance of the Coalition would receive the Prime Minister's support have been disseminated throughout the length and breadth of the land. A periodical which derives its sustenance and its material from Downing Street has given in great particularity a forecast of the Prime Minister's intention which confirmed the impression that already prevailed. In the face of all this Mr. Lloyd George goes down to the House of Commons and moves a vote of confidence in himself. What happened between the proffering of the resignation and last Monday?

That is the question which is on everyone's lips. The answer to it when it is revealed by the future historian will make one of the most amazing pages in parliamentary history. The main explanation, of course, is to be found in the motives which guide the actions of political men. Among these an affection for office is predominant, and it is only in odd circumstances that a certainty is exchanged for a hazard. Whatever the rank and file may have thought, the leaders had no desire to assume the responsibilities of Government at so critical a time. There was a chance that by effecting the most rigorous economies, by pausing in legislation, by abandoning spectacular conferences, by recreating confidence in Europe and the United States they might by the time of a General Election have wiped out the ignominy which attached to their support of the Coalition, and their consequent share in its shame, and have sufficiently well established themselves in the public esteem to assure their return to power. This course of action was, however, fraught with grave risks which they were by no means disposed to undertake. Con-

sider the position. The Prime Minister had consented to support them only so long as they fulfilled his policy. On Genoa he insisted as a cardinal tenet. If as a homogeneous Conservative Government they were not prepared to go to Genoa, his bond did not hold good. The party, as a whole, had no enthusiasm for the Conference. America was to abstain; France was by no means anxious for its success. The ultimate benefits to be expected from it aroused no general hope either in this country or in the world at large. If, therefore, the new Government was to inaugurate its regime with a doubtful proceeding, it might as well be still-born. The Conservative leaders, who were never very anxious to expel Mr. Lloyd George, at this juncture could derive no encouragement from so dismal an outlook. No; if the Prime Minister insisted on Genoa he was obviously the man to go. Even Mr. Bonar Law thought it worth while to journey to the House of Commons to make this clear. "He believed the Prime Minister was setting out on a dark and doubtful adventure," but if any possible good was to come from the conference the Prime Minister was more likely to achieve it than anyone else. He had "seen him over and over again during the war undertake enterprises which seemed almost hopeless, and carry them through to success." This is the gist of the attitude of the Conservative leaders and of those whose confidence they command. Genoa is regarded as a gamble and not a very safe one. Even Mr. Austen Chamberlain took what he termed the "middle view," neither expecting much from the conference nor holding it to be altogether useless. So much for the circumstances in which the resignation has been stayed off; so much for the Conservative attitude. What is the Prime Minister's view?

This is the kind of situation that Mr. Lloyd George loves. He embarks on what everyone believes to be an almost hopeless task, and on what he himself but quite recently desired to avoid. With characteristic determination he has flung everything else aside. He has virtually abandoned the premiership of home affairs. Domestic issues, the Budget, ordinary legislation, the difficulties in Ireland, the Eastern settlement, India and Egypt he leaves entirely to the discretion of his colleagues. He reveals once more the secret of his old successes. He concentrates on one single purpose. He thinks he sees an opportunity of grafting a monkey-gland on the neck of Europe, which shall with magical suddenness re-invigorate her with a youthful vitality. Why was Versailles a failure? There is a constant demand for a revision of the Treaty. But in what respect is it to be revised? Alsace-Lorraine has been restored to France. Is this provision to be reconsidered? Poland has been resurrected. Is she to be divided again? The Austrian Empire has been split up into its various nationalities. Is it to be reconsolidated? Latvia, Lithuania and Esthonia have determined themselves by arrangement with Russia. Is the arrangement to be abandoned? Silesia has been partitioned by the League of Nations. Is this the moment to make some other distribution of her frontiers? No; it is not on the question of boundaries that the Treaty of Versailles and the subsequent understandings are now to be revised. But something must be done. The fault of the Treaty and of the subsequent territorial adjustments lay in this, that the canons of the Wilsonian faith were canons of political and not of economic thought. It was conceived that men desired political self-expression, and could they but be given that, the troubles of the world would end. For centuries the categories of political thought have enclosed the aspirations of men. It is only by a recent development both of domestic and international affairs that we see that politics are not a structure but a superstructure built on economic foundations. At last the Prime Minister has realized this platitudinous truth. The business men of the country have been endeavouring to instil it into his comprehension for a very long time. It must give cause for general satisfaction that a restless Premier intends to leave political regeneration

alone for the present. If that were all, and if the Prime Minister seriously intended to abandon political quack remedies, there might be some chance of trade reviving. Unhappily he is now going to concentrate on economic reform, of which he knows nothing. If the influence of the business men prevails at Genoa and a decision is formed to allow our convalescent trade to revive in its own way and in its own time, without the assistance of improvised and inefficient machinery, some good may come out of Genoa. But if the Prime Minister is going there with a book of hastily-conceived and ill-considered formulas to be imposed on trade and commerce, no good, but much harm will ensue. Everything, therefore, depends on whether the Prime Minister will realize his own limitations. The political recognition of Russia is not going, as if by magic, to revive her economic stability. It may even perpetuate her instability. The danger of the Genoa Conference lies in this, that rapidly and haphazard in a short space of time a few prescriptions may be arrived at, which, it will be claimed, contain the secrets for relief of unemployment and recovery of trade. Judging by the Prime Minister's past these are his tactics—to snatch from Genoa a few generalizations which shall form the basis of an electioneering campaign. Two years after Versailles we have realized that political formulas do not suffice to bring happiness. If we have to wait for two years after Genoa to realize that economic formulas will only bring misery, our awakening will not come until Mr. Lloyd George has received another lease of office. At any rate he hopes not.

The Conservative party did well to have their suspicions of Genoa. It is a pity that they had not the courage of their convictions, for they are wrong if they imagine that Mr. Lloyd George has gone to Genoa to consolidate the Conservative party. Nor has he gone to save the world. He has embarked on a much more serious and fateful mission. He has gone to save Mr. Lloyd George. Will he save himself once more with a phrase?

IN SEVILLE NOW

By FILSON YOUNG

I LOOK up from writing to see the snow blotting the window panes and hear the wind tearing at the bare trees. The calendar beside me shows the pretty word 'April' over a large figure of three; and as I turn to stir the fire of sea coal I think of some of the Aprils I have passed, and of some I hope for; and of the great April of life that comes but once, and seems all flowers and showers in the retrospect. 'April,' says the calendar; 'November!' howls the blizzard; and I turn away from the wintry prospect and think of where I would go if I had wings, and where April is most perfect.

There are places so fortunate in their reputation that perfume and colour are evoked by the mere mention of their names. Seville is one of these places. To speak its name is to think of oranges and flowers, the throb of the guitar, and the love that flutters at iron-barred windows; of the death of bulls, and of the flowers of blood that are the centre of the monstrous bouquet of the bull-ring; of cathedrals and palaces, of magic gardens still haunted by the memory of the passions that pulsed in them; of Moorish courts, furnished only with sunshine and silence, and, but for the basking lizards and the drowsy janitor, deserted; of wide *plazas* open to the noonday glare, and narrow winding streets drowned in shade, where through every doorway you may see the cool marble *patio* with its orange trees, and hear the drip of the fountain and the bubbling song of caged birds.

These things you may actually find in Seville, although they are by no means so obvious to the stranger as the guide-books would lead him to suppose; they are hidden behind the veil of a rather bustling modern life, and you must turn aside to look for them.

Only the public gardens need no discovery, and are as pervading, as enveloping and as incredible in their April loveliness as the most faithful optimist could expect. The oldest, and undoubtedly the most rare of them, is the Moorish garden of the Alcazar; a Paradise of sweetness and peace, bathed in its own perfumes and quickened by living waters. I saw it first one February day, with the winter of Madrid still in my bones; and the waft of box and verbenia and myrtle that met me in the gateway will remain with me always as the breath of Seville. It is a sign of the way in which the pre-occupation of the war paints and confounds one's perceptions that my first thought on seeing this place was, "What a paradise it would be for the wounded!" It was the natural desire to share so obvious a benefit with those who most needed and deserved it; but it is, nevertheless, an injustice to so perfect a place to associate it even in one's thoughts with pain and suffering. It is a place for happiness; and the power of living green and flowering things there is so positive that merely human emotions seem to lose their weight and quality. Gardeners work in it, sometimes intelligently, sometimes not; but nothing can spoil it. Designs and decorations that might be even ugly elsewhere come right here, by the sheer genius of the place; and at every corner, at every vista, the eye is charmed and the heart enchanted by some delicious perfection of accident or design. When I saw it first in February it was golden with oranges; in April it is vivid with roses, orange blossom, stocks, carnations, jasmine, acacia, and a hundred other flowering things that rush into being with the Andalusian spring. When one says that oranges have no sooner fallen or been gathered than the orange blossom is out and powdering the dark foliage with its fragrant snow, and that the climbing roses fight with it in their mad outburst of colour and scent, one gives the key to the whole splendid secret of garden life in a climate like that of Seville.

But the Alcazar garden is only one of many. There have always been gardens of 'Las Delicias' along the banks of the brown Guadalquivir; they were so perfect that even the genius of gardeners, M. Forrestier, the maker of the Bois de Boulogne gardens, refused to alter them or allow anything to be altered; contenting himself with editing them, as it were, by a few masterly touches to statues and fountains. But his supreme achievement has been the Park of Seville. It was formerly a garden of the Palace of San Telmo, and when he took it over almost its only beauty was its noble profusion of fine trees. He used these trees as, so to speak, the groundwork of his design, and among them he planted hundreds of thousands of rose trees, sometimes in hedges a mile long, sometimes in little square courts and gardens, sometimes in thickets. Thus when the first rose tree burst into bloom the garden was finished, and it remains to-day, and especially in this month of April, probably the most beautiful public garden in the world. Such is the riotous profusion of the rose trees, such are the appearance and the perfume of them, that all merely æsthetic appreciation of them is stultified and only a gross imagery can give expression to so generous and vulgar a delight. It is like standing at the door of a perfumery shop through which a sea-breeze is blowing, and where even a strong wind such as threatens the security of your hat is laden with rose perfume. In these alleys of flowers you can walk for miles through a steady snowfall of acacia and orange blossom, and yet, should these sweets surfeit you, command by a turn of your steps noble open prospects and the horizons of Andalusia.

These are the great gardens of Seville, marvellous and splendid as I have described; but there are countless other little gardens hidden about among the streets of the city, not marvellous or splendid at all; just a few beds of flowers about a fountain, or a collection of pot-plants in a courtyard, which take, nevertheless, the intimate quality and fragrance of their environment and make little patches of pleasure, causing the smile at the heart with which one moves about this pleasant

place to become momentarily blander. It would seem that there is no benefit or good thing the pleasure of which cannot be enhanced by a garden. Thus in the Art Museum in Seville the galleries are laid out round patios and gardens, so that when you are tired of art you may come out and sit among the things that are more beautiful than art. The Cathedral has its garden, in the solemn Court of Oranges that is enclosed against its north side; and there is hardly a building or institution, be it museum or almshouse, factory or college, prison or *casa de trato*, which does not possess some kind of garden, with water and perhaps a few singing birds; so that, even though the soul be at exercise or in exile, eye and ear may have their innocent entertainment.

For pleasure is the key to life in Seville: pleasure in small things, if not in great; pleasures for the moment and at small cost, if not for evermore and of great price. It is well to remember of what ingredients life and the world are really and permanently mingled; and that when I was last there the guns were thundering death within a 60 hours' journey, while Seville was occupied with its roses and the fleeting joys of which they are the paragon.

MR. CARTON AGAIN

By JAMES AGATE

ALWAYS it is with the liveliest anticipations that I put the studs in my shirt for a new play by Mr. Carton. I know so exactly what I am, vulgarly speaking, "in for." I know that a white waistcoat will not be out of place, that the play will not urge me, as did recently Mr. Galsworthy's 'The Pigeon,' to doff it in favour of the beggar in the street. I know that I shall not be impelled to rush out after the first act to get me into sackcloth. In short, the shadow of edification hangs not over me; neither am I to be "plunged into myself." *Per contra*, there will be an imbroglio to "take me out of myself." The people on the stage will be real people. Not that drab realism making you wish that they or you had never been born, but an easier-going configuration, encouraging you to think life amusing and an evening at the theatre one of its brightest moments. Above all, there will be Miss Compton rising, rejuvenated and triumphant, from her oft-charted sea of common-sense.

Theorists are fond of laying it down that you cannot tell how a play will act merely by reading it, which seems to me like saying that you cannot tell how a musical score will sound merely by looking at it. Everything depends, surely, upon the reader. A play should be perused with mind, eye and ear. The theorist will go further and tell you that even the playwright does not know his laughs till performance has demonstrated which they are. In the jargon of the drill-sergeant, the playwright numbers off his jokes, but it is the audience which "proves." Frankly I am incredulous. I do not believe that "literary" wit fails in the theatre. I do not believe that Sheridan was startled at the shout which first acclaimed Sir Peter's "Zounds! madam, you had no taste when you married me." In one of George Calderon's plays a clergyman challenges a parishioner to deny that her new frock is the result of a lucky bet on a horse-race. She does deny it. "Do you know," he asks sternly, "what happened to Sapphira?" "She didn't start," is the unexpected reply. Are we to believe that our laughter was unexpected? In an adapted play Mr. Seymour Hicks is asked how, wearing dress clothes in the daytime, he manages to escape the jeers of street boys. "I join funeral processions," he replies. Surely any possible qualm could only have arisen in the adapter's breast from a doubt as to English knowledge of French custom. Miss Compton, in 'Other People's Worries,' asks rhetorically whether a young rip was not in the Blank divorce case. "When," she draws, "the correspondents were finally selected..." The rest of

the sentence is lost in a roar which surely the veriest noodle at play-reading must have foreseen. I am sure that at the very first rehearsal Miss Compton "waited for the laugh." It is only fair to say that as a rule the theorist presents his case the other way round, and perhaps the audience at the Comedy Theatre laughed at some non-literary jokes which they would not have detected in the study. It's a rum job, Molière said, to make simple folk laugh. It is strange, we may paraphrase, what simple things will make folk laugh when they are gathered together in a play-house.

Your theorist is, however, not yet done with. He is even more sceptical about the likelihood of wisdom before the visual event. He will say that you must behold the legs of Charley's Aunt in twinkling progress across some actual field of vision and lend the natural ear to that pronouncement about the nuts. That you must actually see Jack Worthing in mourning and Mr. Dion Boucicault emergent from Mr. Milne's umbrella-closet. This, in turn, finds me sceptical. Let me declare a test. I will ask my readers whether they can fail to see that a stage flare-up must be funny in which (a) an irascible Major is persuaded of the bigamy of his wife on the evidence of an abnormally stupid detective in the throes of influenza, whilst (b) a fire-eating civilian throws petrol on the flames by suggesting that the lady has lowered the dignity of his family by marrying into it even bigamously, (c) Miss Compton surveys the bonfire from the safe distance of the sofa, carefully saying the wrong thing at the right moment, and finally (d) the detective collapses on to the floor at the crucial point of his evidence and has to be bundled back to bed. Conceive Mr. Compton Coutts getting sicker and sicker, Mr. Edmund Willard more and more truculent, Mr. C. M. Lowne in apoplectic crescendo, his wattles—I speak metaphorically—ever redder and redder, Miss Compton, on her isolated throne, piling blandness upon unconcern. Add the fussily urbane, perturbed yet conciliatory Mr. Herbert Ross, the host on whose premises the conflagration takes place, and Miss Athene Seyler, burning her designedly silly wings. Picture all these and deny that the result must be, on the acted stage, farcical. Or take the scene in which the music-hall comedian, portrayed in natural habit after the stage make-up of Mr. Billy Merson, explains to Lady Bill the precise shades of "blotto" and "sozzled." Here my argument, I confess, breaks down a little. None, however perceptive, could have foreseen how riotously funny Mr. Forrester Harvey was to be. He radiated a delightful commonness, but also the good nature of this big-hearted profession. Easier to forecast was the comicality of Miss Mercia Cameron's rapturous maiden, thinking so brain-sickly on her Browning recitation that the red-nosed comedian must embolden her cheek out of his own rouge-pot, and propel her on to the stage from behind. But why Browning, Mr. Carton? Are there no neo-Georgians?

The whole play comes back to and centres round Miss Compton. Either you adore this artist or you don't. Either the playwright, it seems to me, would have none but her, or none of her. For she is of those who fulfil or devastate a play. Never shall I forget her delicious "Have a bit on Flickamaroo!" in 'Lord and Lady Algy.' Nor how she ruined the delicate fabric of 'The Wonderful Visit,' with her racy, tearing improprieties. There is a kind of horse-sense about her impersonations, if they are impersonations, which enchants me. "I think I shall send him away with a flea in his ear," said one of the characters in 'Mr. Hopkinson.' I can still hear Miss Compton's "Best thing you can do (pause), if you happen to have one handy." There is an air of standing no nonsense, of lending a hand without being drawn into a quarrel, of phlegmatic tolerance, about the lady which is inimitable. She gives to the commonplace a point raising it to the dignity of an intellectual conception. Of one of fifteen children a cad objects that "the girl comes of no family." "On the contrary," says downright Lady

Bill (admirable name!), "she comes of a large family." "You look tired," says her husband. "There's a reason," she replies. (Pause.) "I am tired." The Lady Bills, you know, do say obvious things like that. Excellent is the way in which Miss Compton says them. She may not be able to say any other things, but sufficient unto the stage is the good thereof. Those who pretend that this actress does not act and is "simply herself," should note how, after one of her digs she ruminates, chews the cud of retort long after it has been delivered and then gives a nod of self-approbation. But by this the conversation has turned the corner and the nod brings you back with a start. So the masterful old woman had been thinking to herself all the time! "Put that in your pipe, my good man, and smoke it," had been her unuttered thoughts. I take this to be acting. I have the same regard for Miss Compton's Lady Algys, Lady Huntsworths and Lady Bills, that I have for Mr. Dick. They set us all right.

I am vaguely conscious that this article has taken the bit between its teeth and run away with me. I think that what I really enjoyed at the Comedy Theatre was the savoured recollection of this actress in Mr. Carton's earlier comedies. Miss Compton in this latest knock-about farce had not too much chance to delight me.

SCHUBERT AND ELENA GERHARDT

By E. A. BAUGHAN

AT Elena Gerhardt's second song recital not a seat was vacant in Queen's Hall. Only the other day the vast Royal Albert Hall was full when Chaliapine sang. At one recital all the songs were sung in Russian; at the other all, except one, in German. In the old days Elena Gerhardt, although accompanied by Nikisch, did not attract such an enormous audience, and only Patti, and, later, Melba, could fill the Royal Albert Hall. May we not, with some justice, deduce from these facts that there is a new enthusiasm for the song? Popular taste did not tend that way in the past. Ballads were always popular and for reasons which the class-musician has never understood, for he is apt to be unhuman in his ideals of art; and, of course, singing itself has always appealed to a vast number of otherwise unmusical people. What is strange in the present manifestation of popular taste is this; the public has apparently discovered that the art-song (the vile phrase is used as conveniently distinguishing, say, the songs of Schubert from drawing-room ballads) does give it the emotional and musical food which hitherto had been found only in songs which had little pretence to art. In estimating the force of this new taste we must remember, too, that both Chaliapine and Elena Gerhardt have sung in foreign languages. If it had been possible for them to sing in English they would have made even more effect, for neither audience, in any big proportion, was made up of the special type of music-lover, who knows that it is almost impossible to translate the poems of songs without coarsening the intimate union of verse and music.

It was the special triumph of Elena Gerhardt and her accompanist, Paula Hegner, that they made one appreciate once again the sensitiveness of that union in the songs of Schubert. I hope some of our younger composers were present at the recital, because they must have learned that it is possible, after all, to make a beautiful thing of music that sensitively follows and illustrates the emotional and imaginative material of a poem. The tendency in modern songs is to cramp the emotional and musical expression of a poem. The result is an amalgam which is neither music nor poetry. I would suggest to the modern composer a close study of Schubert's songs, and, if possible, not a study on paper, but in a concert-room, when such an artist as Elena Gerhardt is singing them; for you must hear the

delicate and subtle inflexions of the singing-voice to appreciate to the full the wonderful thing Schubert made of the song. You must hear, too, the very sensitive accompanying of such an artist as Paula Hegner. No study of the mere texts of Schubert's songs will quite reveal all that they mean. It does not do, of course, to write of Schubert as if his great genius as a composer of songs were a discovery. But in listening once again to such *lieder* as 'Das Lied im Grünen,' 'Im Frühling,' and 'Schwanengesang,' I felt as if there was a new revelation of his genius. Apart altogether from the absolute beauty of his melodies, I was deeply impressed by the extraordinary plasticity of his workmanship. Considering that no composer before him had looked on the musical expression of a poem as the chief aim of song, but had used verse merely as a means of building up a musical composition, Schubert was more of a pioneer than Wagner himself. In the songs I have mentioned the poems do not offer obvious material for song-writing. The composer had to fashion his vocal part and the accompaniment so that they expressed the ecstatic mood of the poems. An ordinary modern composer would succumb to the temptation to make small symphonic-poems of these songs, in which the verse itself would be submerged in the accompaniment. They would not be songs but symphonic-poems with a vocal part. That is not an uninteresting type of composition, but it is emphatically not a song. Schubert always wrote songs, in the sense that he made the human voice of paramount importance. Even such dramatic *lieder* as 'The Erl-King' and 'The Young Nun' remain songs with the interest of the human voice narrating their tragedies. Schubert was able to do this, and at the same time to translate the informing spirit of a poem into music, by conditioning his vocal writing entirely by the verse and by inventing a very free accompaniment, modulating with ease from key to key according to the shifting moods of the poems.

The art of Elena Gerhardt brings this out very clearly. She does not try to be dramatic in spots by over-emphasis, although in singing such a song as 'Der Tod und des Mädchens' the temptation is great, and hardly any singer but she entirely resists it in 'The Erl-King.' Her expressiveness is conditioned by the relative importance of the vocal part to the accompaniment, so that even in the more dramatic songs the voice never starts out from the whole musical design, except when the composer evidently intended it to do so. It might be possible for a singer to give a trifle more variety of colour to these songs of Schubert's without marring their design. In the past one heard Mme Landi sing those that suited her style with a more intense and a more varied expressiveness. But Elena Gerhardt is more satisfying in a long programme because she makes you feel that she is not attempting to impose herself on her audience, but, with the help of her accompanist, is just a medium for the expression of the music itself. This is the very opposite of the dramatic style of singing, of which Chaliapine's art is an example. As I pointed out when writing of him, the Russian singer has actually dramatized himself. Some of the Russian songs he sings are musical rubbish and only his delivery and histrionic powers make them at all tolerable. A *lieder* singer has a very different task. The power of acting comes into it, of course. No singer can give a vital performance without that power of acting. It is not, however, a histrionic projection of the singer's individuality, but a much more subtle affair. In singing Schubert it is absolutely necessary that the interpretative artist should make herself one with the informing spirit of the songs. It cannot be done bar by bar or stanza by stanza. The singer must begin her interpretation by seizing the mood of the song. That demands a certain power of imagination and of emotional histrionics. She must be able to make herself feel that she desires to sing not merely Schubert's songs, for instance, but to express the spirit which informed the writing of them. Then everything falls into its proper place. Over-emphasis

of detail becomes unnecessary and even impossible, because the spirit of these songs conditioned their workmanship. It is in possessing that imaginative power that Elena Gerhardt is a great artist, rather than in any special beauty of voice or in any sensational dramatic gifts. She and her art become for the moment a living embodiment of Schubert's genius.

THE INDEPENDENT GALLERY

By D. S. MACCOLL

THE Independent Gallery in Grafton Street does Londoners the service of exhibiting some of the fashions in painting which Mr. Clive Bell and Mr. Fry so eagerly advertise; it will be opportune, therefore, to follow up the discussion of one of the critics last week with a look at the pictures and drawings now on exhibition under the guidance of the other. If I were to offer my judgments bluntly and independently, I should be accused of prejudice and distaste for modern painting. I will therefore test what is said in presence of the pictures, not asking so much whether the estimate of merits is justified as whether the description is exact. If Mr. Bell were the critic this might be fallacious; when he says mysteriously of a Duncan Grant that it is "Elizabethan," we need not take the tribute for more than a vague "gesticulation." Mr. Fry presumably means more exactly what he says, and in last week's *New Statesman* is an article upon the present exhibition. I beg my readers not to take my word for anything, but, when I have checked the descriptions with the pictures, to make the comparison for themselves.

There is a preliminary remark to make. In my attempts to follow the workings of Mr. Fry's mind, I am repeatedly at a loss, because of bewildering shifts in his attitude. At one time he was all for the art of painting as a general means of communication, a language open to the expression of all as against the isolated, solitary genius. At another time this idea of community had gone by the board and art had become a pursuit threatened with extinction by the community; artists were esoteric solitary creatures, who would have to be preserved, if at all, in asylums, like the wild fauna of North America in "reserves." At another time "Nature," rather than man, had become the enemy; wilful imposition and distortion by the artist the virtues. But now, if I understand him, the implication behind his descriptions is that "Nature" is mistress, and that it is a virtue to accept what she gives, however "refractory" or "uninteresting" the material. The virtues have become moral rather than artistic. We read of "honesty" and refusal to "compromise," i.e., at "nature's" expense. But yet again, whatever a particular artist (of his group) makes of nature is right, however incompatible with the vision and procedures of another: nature is compromised, but not the artist. Now it seems to me that the art of painting involves compromise, otherwise called "convention"; compromise between three things: an artist's native taste and tendency in forms, the forms of the objects he takes in hand to represent, and that architecture of forms which is a well-designed picture; and the critical problem is to determine how nice the adjustment has been or whether value has been obtained for a greater compromise in one direction or another. To say, This is what A, B or C does, and I call him a great artist, is to leave out criticism. But to the pictures.

We start with some beginnings of an abandoned study in line and water-colour stain by Cézanne; one of those he burned by the hundred when he thought of it, and would have been furious to see exhibited. Here is the description:

Cézanne's water colours are in some ways the most intensely personal of his works. In these his selective vision is seen most completely, for he rarely pushed them beyond the state-

ment of a few primary data of the design, leaving it to the imagination to fill in, as it were, the connecting links and the intermediate planes. None the less he makes us feel that these chosen data are inseparably connected: they form together the essential scaffolding of a design that might be completed. As it is, there is a peculiar delight in this extreme economy of statement, these few washes of almost primary colours modulated with the most subtle gradations build up in the mind the suggestion of a rigidly compact architectural structure. . . .

Let us leave aside the conception of an artist who becomes more personal the more he leaves to other people's imagination. From the rest of the passage one would gather that Cézanne had indicated beyond doubt the main bones of his design, had done this by a setting-out of big planes, and that the use of colour was one of the means of establishing the structure. Actually what we find upon the paper is vague spots of form in a casual scene, whose rhythmical structure is entirely to seek; little that can be called a plane except in one foreground roof, and none of them large, and a number of smudges of colour. The colours are not primary or nearly primary; where there is modulation it is not subtle, but a transition from green into those unhappy purples that arise from a sloppy use of water-colour; since the colours are not varied to render values at different depths they can do nothing to help the landscape structure. If they were indeed primary they must have contradicted the planes, had these existed; being neutral they are not actively mischievous.

Then follows de Segonzac. We are told that as a draughtsman he is austere, uncompromising, and masterly. The chief drawings are of a nude woman lying on her back; what "austere" and "uncompromising" mean in this connexion is not clear: they would seem to cancel out. But "masterly"? It is not necessary to deny a considerable degree of draughtsman's competence and of sensitiveness to de Segonzac if we question that epithet. He employs a thin pen-line: such a line calls for certainty and decision and also for a scale proportionate to the line. Segonzac has often made the mistake of too big a scale; here the size is better chosen. But of his outlines it is not always possible to tell which, of several alternatives, or whether any, is his final choice; and when he comes to the hand and some other difficult passages, he gives up. Masterly, then, is an exaggeration for the considerable merit of the drawings. What are we to say about the paintings? Mr. Fry says:

One [is] a seated nude modelled almost entirely in two tones of chocolate brown seen against a dull bluish background. It is a splendid example of what can be expressed by such a rigid limitation of means when, as here, it is not wilfully imposed, but comes naturally out of the motive as a result of gradual elimination of all that is unessential. His two landscapes are at first sight rather dull and monotonous; they certainly make few concessions. Its motives . . . are neither of them such as to have any particular interest . . . but the more one looks the more do the force and conviction with which the design is felt and the perfect adjustment of tone and colour values impress the imagination.

These paintings are certainly dull, and the interest the motives may have had has been effectually "eliminated," as part, no doubt, of the "unessential." The "concessions" refused are therefore to beauty and interest, which between them make up painting. There is no design in the accidental shapes; there is some variation of tone, but no colour values; how could there be in a nude reduced to two tones of chocolate brown, and in the green and brown plaster of the landscapes? The positive quality in those pictures is a *parti pris* for sombre tone and for slab, trowelled paint. In this stiff, glutinous matter, the drawing, so elaborately searched for in the "studies," cannot survive; it is drowned; "eliminated as an unessential." Now to use oil-paint merely to suffocate your drawing is a strange use of that flexible medium.

Then follows Marchand's 'La Rochelle':

One's admiration is forced here by the sheer courage and honesty of the work. None of the harsh refractory elements of the scene are shirked, rather they are taken as the very basis of the design: the heavy leaden sky, the strident notes of the red roofs across the river, the brutal whiteness of the bare quay in the foreground, and the sharp cutting of the ship's rigging. . .

Realism, it will be observed, has become a merit; but the reds are strident because they are not in value, and they are crowded to the right; the slab of bright foreground is isolated and unhappy in line. But what has actually proved refractory is not so much the scene, which might make quite a good picture, and did once furnish M. Marchand with a pretty water-colour: it is the medium. He has scrubbed in his sky as if in water-colour, and has hesitated between a greenish and a purplish wash. But having got his masts and rigging lined-out, he has quailed before the not very difficult task of carrying the green scrub behind them: it stops, by an incredible coincidence, bang up against their vertical outline. To paint the sky and to paint the masts and rigging over it, as Vandeveldt contrived to do, is evidently beyond M. Marchand's skill or patience. The degree of drawing and of design which contents him is illustrated by his portrait. Look at its mouth and look at the structure of the table and the relation of its shape to the figure.

Even Mr. Fry gives up the Matisse. That painter has become content with a few water-colour-like washes of "nice" colour, leaving patches of canvas to darken later, and with careless shots at shape and disposition. Here the green is not even "nice." The Duncan Grant still-life comes in for praise as "one of the best and most completely realized things he has exhibited for a long time." If that is so, we must accept ugly shapes, clogged paint and bilious colour as his best: but a slight landscape sketch suggests that the old sense of colour is not completely submerged.

This discrepancy between description and visible fact encourages me to think that the Fry-Clive Bell estimate of those painters may be equally remote from a permanent judgment. They are obviously not masters of oil-paint, not even journeymen or apprentices, for it gets in their way and trips them up instead of lending them wings. The low degree of technical mastery in modern painting deserves fuller consideration, but my space is exhausted.

NATURE AND COUNTRY LIFE

By A WOODMAN

These sketches, which are appearing serially in the SATURDAY REVIEW, are the work of a farm and forest labourer whose opportunities for gaining knowledge since he left school at the age of eight have been limited to the world of fields and woods. From his own rough notes and with the aid of his wife, who, fortunately, is an excellent penwoman, the fair copy was made by him in his scanty leisure; and with the exception of the very slightest editorial touches from the friend to whom he first showed them they remain as he wrote them.

VIII. THE GREY HUNTER

THE old barn that stood not far from the beech wood had certainly seen better days. When the huge pasture fields around it were under cultivation for corn, scarce a day passed without either the farmer or one of his men paying it a visit. In winter at least two men were constantly employed there, threshing corn with the flail. Like many other pursuits, this has given way before the progress of modern agriculture, and the old barn is now neglected and to all appearances forgotten. As we stand beside it at the close of a summer day, the tiles blown off the roof, the decaying timbers, and the collection of broken farm implements which are visible inside through the open doorway, tell of decay and solitude.

Not a place where every one would expect to find that one of God's most useful birds made his haunt. To my knowledge he has been there for several years and may be there now, for I have made it a practice never to tell the place of any wild creature's abode. Some years ago I did so and have regretted it ever since. We have not been standing looking at the scene I have tried to describe very long before a grey apparition floats out at the open pitch-hole at one end of the barn.

I call the owl's flight *floating*, for want of a better name to apply to its ethereal-like flying: like a bit of thistle-down borne on the wind, the grey hunter went over the field, and just as quietly and softly he settled on the gate at the other side bordering an old lane. After resting for a few moments, away he goes down one side of the lane. This he had done for years night after night, down one side and back up the other. Nothing escapes the keen eyesight of this creature of the night. Rats, mice, moles, frogs and other small fry, all form the greater part of this hunter's diet.

Half-way on his down beat he suddenly pulled up, stopped and turned round in the length of his own body. This sudden performance would in most birds have caused a rustling of feathers, but the same Great Power that gave it the breath of life has fitted this night hunter with a plumage suitable for all purposes, and in this instance not a sound was audible until his claws closed round the body of a half-grown rat. Up over the hedge he rose with his quarry, and straight for the beech wood he headed. At intervals he let out a series of unearthly screeches or yells. As he gets nearer the wood another answers, and comes out to meet him. It is his mate; she has not been hunting yet, as the sanitary arrangements of the hole where their two young ones are being reared, in one of the old beeches, claim her first attention at eventide.

If you had been there when they settled on the piece of dead limb which projected from the trunk at the side of the hole where their young ones were, you would have heard the series of snores and hisses that go to make up owl's language. These two grey hunters were barn-owls, the farmer's best friends, yet, alas, how often they are destroyed through their habits not being more closely observed. After dropping the rat in to the young ones, they flew away, each in a different direction, the barn dweller to resume his lane hunting and his mate to visit a rick-yard at a farm in the hamlet. Twelve journeys to and from that old beech tree they made in an hour. Six rats, one mole, two sparrows, one frog and two mice were dropped into that hole. Then I suppose they thought it time to feed themselves. Anyhow, after the one from the old barn had caught a sparrow from among the ivy growing on the old church tower, he settled on a gate to enjoy his supper. Then away he went again, and thus these two grey hunters spent the summer nights feeding their young ones and themselves, until the sky in the east told of coming dawn. Then they could be seen quartering the last bit of their beats prior to floating to their roosting-place, one in the belfry of the old church and the other on a beam at the old barn.

The hot summer days are over, the wheat is in shock, and the young owls are flying about. Now the two grey hunters are doubly busy, feeding and teaching their young ones many things that are only known to wild creatures. When this education is complete and the young ones can fare for themselves, they are at liberty for a season; but only a short one, for by next April there are two more young ones in the hole of the beech tree. What an act of mercy and justice it was when it was made law that traps were not to be set on upright poles for these lovely creatures of the night. Nothing was more heartrending to the true lover of bird life than to see one of these birds hanging down the side of a pole, its beautiful legs lacerated and torn by the jaws of a steel trap. Let us hope that the day is not far distant when our eyes shall be opened more to the beautiful things the Creator has so freely given to us, and every living creature, great and small, receive more mercy at the hand of man.

NOTICE.—In next week's issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW will be published an article by Mrs. Charlotte C. Stopes, entitled, "The Lord of Shakespeare's Sonnets."

Letters to the Editor

The Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW welcomes the free expression in these columns of genuine opinion on matters of public interest, although he disclaims responsibility alike for the opinions themselves and the manner of their expression. Letters which are of reasonable brevity and are signed with the writer's name are more likely to be published than long and anonymous communications.

ENGINEERING AS AN ART

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—I should like to thank Mr. MacColl for an idea. His suggestion that the greatest sustained art effort is in the realms of machinery and engineering gives the arty, clever young men their *congé*. Surely he has "beaten to a frazzle" the Futurists, Cubists, Vorticists and any otherists. In their wildest revolutionary moments they never dreamed that the despised engineer might all the time satisfy their hunger for æsthetic discovery. Their eyes were blind.

And yet this may well be the case. Art has no more finality than literature, music, mathematics or religion. The mighty Leonardo (now only a fifth-rater according to Mr. Berenson) would, without reason, weep at the idols of to-day, just as our masters of to-day (if they exist) would shed tears over the forward movements of the year 2022. What, indeed, will they be up to, these young men of the twenty-first century? Will the acres of machinery in the engineering department of the South Kensington Museum be the future supply for the National Gallery and the British Museum? Will Stephenson's "Puffing Billy" be accounted a primitive, and taken in procession to Trafalgar Square? Stranger things have happened. Have not masters of criticism acclaimed the Byzantine mosaics as æsthetic dreams? Yet "Puffing Billy" runs them close. There have been dreadful lapses in art criticism. With Greece behind them it will always be a puzzle that Byzantine and early Christian pictorial art could have been so atrocious. Have not masterful modern critics (still going strong) acclaimed in the Press the greatness of Leighton and MacWhirter? Year in and year out have they acclaimed them. Then why not "Puffing Billy" as a primitive?

Years ago I defended the æsthetic significance of engineering against the high-brow architects who condemned Charing Cross bridge as an eye-sore and disgrace to London. It was proposed, in a grandiose scheme, to supplant the present structure with an engineer's renaissance idea of what a London bridge should really be: a mixture of the Victoria Memorial and the more flamboyant Seine bridges. The present bridge is beautiful, inasmuch as it carries out the original constructional intention, and is free from the artistic atrocities of your engineer-architect, such as is seen in the appalling iron bridge at Hammersmith, with its stone traditions translated into cast-iron. Charing Cross bridge is purely constructional, and is therefore a witness to Mr. MacColl's contention that honest engineering may be considered an art. I am not so sanguine as he appears to be (perhaps the lure of paradox is a factor), but if modern engineering is really a contribution to art, it is unconscious. At any rate, it is free from the present-day bane of self-consciousness. We may hazard the theory that Egyptian art was unconscious: it was self-expression: yet some of us, visiting the British Museum, see its amazing strength in comparison with Greece. There is a simple steel railway bridge, uncamouflaged, at Richmond, which grips one with its intensity of purpose, and in which every bolt has its meaning. Whatever it signifies it is expressed in terms of honest material. Is this art? We students of the past must not be too sanguine. The future may reveal certain things which are undreamed of in our philosophy.

I am, etc.,

HUGH BLAKER

Old Isleworth

CRITICISM AND THE CINEMA

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—As one who has long taken a deep interest in motion-picture craft, and more especially in the work of Mr. D. W. Griffith, I enjoyed reading your recent criticism of 'Orphans of the Storm.' Moreover, I was pleased to find that one review, out of the many, confirmed my own impressions. But there are a few points which, I think, may be open to discussion, seeing that they relate to a wider issue than that of one particular film.

While agreeing, for instance, with the comparison made between 'Way Down East' and 'Orphans of the Storm,' I think the conclusions thus drawn are hardly fair to the producer of these two picture-plays. For, whatever he may have said regarding their respective merits, I am very sure he understands which of them is the superior in art and beauty. Indeed, Mr. Griffith's aim always has been to give prominence to psychological values; with and from his very first production, he has originated and developed technique essentially for the presentation of intimate and natural emotion, although meeting with severe criticism at every turn and from every quarter. Intimate beauty, as your review terms it, has been the prey of critics for many years—critics not only of the film world but of the worlds of literature and drama; for them it has been the object of cheap ridicule and excessive satire. The situation becomes even more ironical when your review chides Mr. Griffith for quite opposite "faults." The beauty of 'Way Down East' was not, as you hint, an unconscious contribution; it was a deliberate, an emphatic, answer to the challenge of contemporary producers and critics who avowed that such beauty (that of real, homely people and rural backgrounds) could not result in a successful picture-play.

But consider the incongruous attitude of critics here: men of repute in art spheres praising the thrilling climax, but condemning every other part as, "padding," "dull," "boring," and so on! And 'Orphans of the Storm,' presumably because it has less of this "padding," gains far more praise from intelligent quarters than did its predecessor.

How, then, is one to regard screen art, amidst all these ill-judged yet influential opinions? How is it that Mr. Griffith became an acknowledged [*sic*] artist only when he introduced an ice-floe spectacle; and is hailed as a great artist now that he introduces more spectacle to the (comparative) exclusion of soul? Not that I fear he will be misguided—I regard his present policy as more or less diplomatic—but I wonder when general and sane criticism will be offered the new craft.

I intrude with these personal remarks that you may the better understand my delight at your judgment. High-class journals rarely pay attention to the films, and when they do so it is merely to enlarge upon and ridicule a few natural shortcomings. But I fail to see logic or purpose in pointing out faults while, at the same time, there is not the slightest intention of dealing with those photo-plays which strive to follow the advice thus given. Were the intelligent section of the Press to treat picture-plays not only with the respect but also with the insight which your own notable REVIEW has shown, then Mr. Griffin surely would find it practicable to abandon the now necessary "faults"; then would there be more producers to follow the path at present open only to those with his exceptional courage, ingenuity, and resources; and then, too, would there be less cause for alarm at the influence of the films.

I am, etc.,

E. PARIS

99 Manor Road, Brockley, S.E.4

THE CONSERVATIVE OPPORTUNITY

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—The principal reason for the imminent fate of the Coalition Government is undoubtedly the want

of a strong Opposition. Human nature, even among statesmen, is such that outside criticism is a necessity to correct action. Again, in my humble opinion, too much has been made of "specialists" as Ministers. The specialist loses sight of economy, and of all outside considerations, in his zeal for his hobby. Skilled specialists should give evidence. Ministers should consider this evidence and frame plans upon it, and upon their own experienced judgment, with regard to finance. These specialists, however, in their delight at getting a chance to show how clever they are in their own lines, have magnified their ministries into great departments of State, at tremendous cost. The present necessity for reduction in expenditure has been fatal to several of the Ministers, and I fear that their "establishments" will leave a trail of pensions and gratuities to suck the life-blood of the State for many years.

Apparently we are to have a Conservative Ministry in power, at least until an election has settled Government for a period. Yet no one among those concerned, even of irresponsible individuals, has framed any sort of policy to be adopted by the coming Party. May I therefore suggest a policy to be considered?

First, as to the House of Lords. I would repeal the Act of Mr. Asquith entirely. Then, let the House of Lords consist of 250 or 300 peers, selected by the whole body of peers, together with such others as may be created during the Parliament by His Majesty. By this method you will get rid of those peers who are *non compos mentis* or have brought disgrace upon their order by vice, reckless extravagance or otherwise. Also you will restore the old constitutional check which has hitherto brought irreconcilable differences to an end and vindicated the final determination of the Commons. May I add that the old rule that peers should take no part in elections should be considerably relaxed? For the old rule, that representation should go with taxation, has been abrogated in effect by the placing of the heaviest burdens of direct taxation upon peers who have no voice in voting these taxes.

Secondly, that care should be taken that soldiers or sailors who received, as it were, the freedom of the British Empire, by having the franchise granted them, even though under age, should be given the same vote that they are entitled to in local matters by the Parish Councils Act of 1894, and now withheld by reason of the repeal of Clause 44 of that Act by the Act of 1918, called, curiously enough, the Representation of the People Act.

Thirdly, that measures should be taken to secure economies while maintaining true efficiency in elementary and secondary education.

Fourthly, that while maintaining Free Trade, diplomatic means, and others of a peaceful kind, should be taken to secure reciprocity, such as that while we allow foreign fishing boats to enter our harbours and sell their produce on the same terms as our boats, when the shoals reach Dutch, Belgian or French ports, our boats should be equally "free of the market," instead of being mulcted in heavy sums before being allowed to land fish. To return to England loses their chance of a fresh catch, as the shoals of fish travel.

I am, etc.,

W. J. CHALK.

The Limes, Crawley, Sussex.

THE LATE EMPEROR CHARLES

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—The death of the Emperor Charles brings the Habsburg question once more into prominence. Briefly, the situation might be summarized as follows: Otto, the dead Emperor's little son, succeeds him in his claims to the throne of Hungary. There is, it is true, a shade of difference between his claim and that of his father, but the importance has been much exaggerated. The rights of the man who has actually been crowned

with the Holy Crown are, indeed, indisputable in Hungarian eyes: this is shown by the fact that even those Magyars who opposed Charles's return most vehemently never denied his title to the throne: but it is a mistake to imagine that when the King is dead, his heir is not recognized as such. There are few in Hungary who would be prepared to dispute Otto's *right* to succeed, and to be crowned in his father's place; and, were they to do so, they would be ignoring historic usage altogether. The fact is that Otto is king, and has the *right* to be crowned—final endorsement of his claims; but if another were crowned instead, in violation of Otto's rights, that other would receive the nation's allegiance; for the claim of right has never yet made headway in Hungary against the claim of the man actually crowned. The question remains: What objection is there to Otto's rights being endorsed by coronation with the Holy Crown? He cannot by any stretch of imagination be dubbed a "war-criminal." The only answer, then, lies in the objections of the Little Entente. Here is the crux of the matter: if the Little Entente's claim to decide who shall rule Hungary is admitted by the Great Powers, then that coterie of States may quite logically put forward other claims in the future, e.g., to veto Hungary's alliances, to regulate her tariffs, or to determine the nature and scope of her immigration laws. That way lies the end of independence, for any protest will be silenced, as at present, by the rattle of sabres. Regent Horthy declared, a few days ago, that the Little Entente alone barred Otto's passage to the throne. Lack of space forbids an examination of the desirability, from the European standpoint, of a recognition of his rights. Suffice it to say, broadly, that the House of Habsburg holds the peculiar position of being the sole agent capable of checking the spread into Central Europe of Balkan conditions and—even more dangerous—the Balkan mentality. "Balkanism" (a disease almost identical with barbarism) extends at present to the Alps. It is high time that we allowed the only possible antidote to be administered. It is an old remedy, and has always succeeded.

I am, etc.,

"BRITANNICUS"

A PARADISE OF SOCIALISM

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—You have had of late two very amusing letters from Geneva dealing with Switzerland. They both make excellent reading, but you will perhaps allow a Swiss to point out that they contain certain misstatements of facts which your correspondent has evidently made for the sake of his epigrammatic and artistically delivered antitheses. Although I fully appreciate these endeavours, I cannot but challenge some of the assertions in which your correspondent delights.

It is hard to hear that we have no native art in Switzerland and that we are content with mediocrity, that consequently we can have "no poets, statesmen, dramatists and painters or any of the more supreme achievements in intellect, beauty or wit." It is the curse of Switzerland, being a tri-lingual nation, that as soon as a Swiss has attained any kind of fame the big nation, speaking the same language as the part of Switzerland to which he belongs, embraces him as one of its sons. It is perhaps as well to state that 12 per cent. of all the receivers of the different Nobel prizes were of Swiss nationality, including one winner of the literary Nobel Prize. It is grotesque to have to reply to an article pretending that there is no native art in Switzerland. England rightly boasts of Hans Holbein, the younger, who won his great fame in London. Yet he, although born in the neighbouring part of Germany, was educated in Basle, a citizen of Basle and the husband of a lady of that town. His nationality may be disputed; it cannot, however, be denied that Fuseli, Calame, Stauffer, Welti, Böcklin, Burnand and Hodler were Swiss. It may be as well to remind your corres-

pendent, who thinks us a nation without poets, that not only Gottfried Keller, Conrad Ferdinand Meyer and Carl Spitteler are Swiss, but that the *Times Literary Supplement* only last year declared that there is no lack of poets in Switzerland to-day, that "there is, in fact, a high degree of original inspiration in the most important of the younger Swiss poets"; that Nietzsche declared Spitteler the finest of German æsthetic writers; that Professor Robertson, when giving an extensive account of Spitteler's works in the *Fortnightly Review*, wrote: "Not a few well-balanced minds in Germany and France have, since the passing of Nietzsche, regarded Spitteler as a kind of sleeping Barbarossa who would some day wake to assume the long unclaimed sceptre in German poetry"; that Rousseau was a citizen of Geneva; that Swiss, too, were Madame de Staël, Benjamin Constant and Henri Frédéric Amiel. Anyone who has but a slight idea of German literature knows that during part of the eighteenth century this literature was renewed from Zürich, and that Bodmer and Breitinger were the men who gave it a new aim and a new standard; that Zürich at this time was the literary centre of all German-speaking countries. No one has yet disputed that Switzerland has produced great educationists. Besides Rousseau, Pestalozzi and Fellenberg were Swiss citizens. And Jacques Dalcroze, the musician-pedagogue, is one too.

No Swiss will claim that his country has produced a larger proportion of great men than other nations have done, but surely not all the energies of this country are concentrated upon the material side of life. If one considers that Switzerland, with a population of not 4,000,000, keeps up seven universities and that nearly every Swiss town possesses a municipal theatre, the sneers of your correspondent seem rather curious. I admit that Swiss politics all deal with home affairs, that, as we have no power and no say in world-wide schemes, we are bound to use our wits on our own institutions, to try to ameliorate them and make our lives more and more worth living. We have in Switzerland no opportunity either to exploit other peoples or to Christianize them. But if Swiss politicians concentrate their energy on home politics, must it follow that only the dust-bins and the canalization schemes benefit? If at Swiss universities one pays a half-yearly fee of 5s. per course and in English universities a fee of a guinea a term, is that not an indication of the beneficial effects a well-developed educational system can have for the people? If higher education is more accessible in Switzerland to the penniless than in most parts of the world, and if educational credits in Parliament are never threatened by any kind of Geddes axe, is there really any reason for describing such a country as one that has decided "to live by bread alone"?

I think the answer to this question can be safely left to the unbiased reader.

I am, etc.,

PAUL LANG,
Secretary of the London Group of the
Nouvelle Société Helvétique.

28 Red Lion Square, W.C.1

A PROPOSED SOLUTION FOR IRELAND

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—Capt. Cosby is quite right; the possession of firearms by most Irishmen is undesirable, but he should not forget that the effective value of weapons is a relative matter. His original solution was too simple; the method he now wishes to adopt for persuading the unwilling ones to give up their arms is a negation of his first proposal to cast all arms of every kind into the sea. He quite rightly asks for a lawfully constituted armed police force, whose duty would be to remove by force firearms in the possession of unauthorized persons; the majority of these unauthorized persons, be it noted, also call themselves the lawfully constituted army of the Irish Republic!

This proposal is not new. The seizure of arms from

unauthorized persons is precisely what the Crown forces were in the process of doing when the truce was called. Had they, however, been permitted to subjugate Ireland by this means, the real problem would have been no nearer solution, for it is ultimately a psychological one. Irish men (not babies) cannot, by nature, stop short at pulling political faces at one another; their somewhat exclusive racial development has rendered them peculiarly susceptible to the test of political opinion by force, rather than by public approval. Weapons of all kinds are the manifestation of this force, and those who possess superiority in weapon power will govern Ireland. If the Free State Government is to rule in Southern Ireland, it will not only have to support its authority by the armed force which Capt. Cosby advocates, but it will first have to seize the large quantity of munitions of war which the Republicans now possess, for they will not voluntarily throw them into the sea. Unless, therefore, a miracle takes place, Ireland will shortly be in the throes of civil war.

During the period which has elapsed since the truce there has been no force, save only that of public opinion, which could have brought about a change in the perverted moral qualities of the majority of Irishmen; murder and bloodshed do not stir their moral senses to the same degree as adverse political opinions do stir their non-moral senses. Witness the quite recent events: murder, arson, kidnapping, highway robbery, destruction of communications, even piracy, have all been practised in the name of liberty during the last few days with scarcely a voice being raised in protest.

The reaction from the tragedy which is shortly to be enacted in Ireland may prove her salvation, for it is a force of this nature which is required to quicken the moral sense of Irishmen, and thus to solve the Irish problem.

I am, etc.,

"ANGLO-SAXON"

[This correspondence is closed.—Ed. S.R.]

HORACE AND MR. LLOYD GEORGE

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—Mr. Armstrong's letter on the subject of Mr. Lloyd George, with its quotation of Horace's Ode, Book III, 3, prompts me to send you my version of the first two stanzas, hoping you may think it worth insertion in this week's SATURDAY REVIEW. For 'Auster' read 'Austin,' for 'Hadria' 'St. Stephen's,' and for 'Jove' the *Times*.

The upright man who holds his purpose fast,
Hot-headed citizens with base demand,
Nor face of tyrant, with its threat'ning scowl,
Can shake from Resolution's solid stand.

Not Auster, restless Hadria's ruler wild,
Nor the great hand of Jove with levin ball:
Let the whole world in fragments round him crash,
The ruins may him strike, yet fearless all.

I am, etc.,

D. GRAHAME

Lincoln.

MR. CLYNES AND THE LABOUR PARTY

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—Mr. Clynes has been a really fine man. And I sincerely hope that he will be so again some day. But at present, as "leader" of that dangerous chaos which calls itself the Labour Party, he reminds me of a small boy who was seen holding on desperately to a chain attached to the collar of a huge dane. "Where are you taking that big dog?" said a sympathetic old gentleman. "I have got to find out where he wants to go" was the reply.

I am, etc.,

FREDERICK C. COLEY

Eldon Square, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

EVOLUTION AND WILLIAM MORRIS

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—Mr. Golding's article on William Morris turns on the distinction between major and minor poets and artists, and on Morris's relation to the doctrine of evolution.

Is 'Sigurd' the work of a minor poet? It runs to nearly ten thousand long lines, and is considerably longer than 'Paradise Lost,' with which one is tempted to compare it. 'Sigurd' is a finer poem than 'Paradise Lost.' By comparison the latter is stagey, unreal and pretentious in its main subject-matter, and involved in language. Milton never for a moment thinks that the relations between God and man are as he represents them: nor does he for a moment believe in the supernatural as he describes it. 'Sigurd' is a real story, singularly free from anything stagey or affected, honest to the core and the very mirror of truth, showing an insight into the point of view of primitive man towards the supernatural, which ranks with the highest flights of genius. And who shall say how far Morris has given a true account of man's dealings with the supernatural? On that point it would be interesting to hear the opinion of an eastern who had not lost the traditional point of view of the east.

Are we to consider 'Paradise Lost' the work of a minor poet? Is every English poet since Shakespeare a minor poet? If so, the term is meaningless.

Morris's fame as a poet rests on 'Sigurd,' 'Jason' and the 'Earthly Paradise': and Mr. Golding objects because they are all stories of the past. Was Homer a sort of special correspondent at the siege of Troy? What of Shakespeare with King Lear, Julius Cæsar, and the early Kings of England? What of Tennyson with the Arthur Legends, or Browning with 'The Ring and the Book'? Mr. Golding belittles such stories as 'The House of the Wolfings,' 'The Roots of the Mountains,' 'The Well at the World's End,' because they don't conform to the idiom we associate with George Meredith and Walter Pater. Their pride is that they bring to the English language a quality of zest, of pungency, of colour which is an addition to its wealth: restored to it from the treasures of its past, endowed with new life, and woven into the web of simple speech, providing one of the very few antidotes to the poison of American and Colonial patois, and the cockneyisms of our big towns.

Mr. Golding's most serious charge against William Morris is that he sins against the light of evolution, and to drive that charge home he parodies the words of religion in describing the unpardonable sin, thus picking out William Morris as a prime offender against the first law of poetic and artistic life. Has he forgotten William Morris the prophet? Has he never read 'News from Nowhere'? The teaching of Morris's life, of everything he made and wrote and did, was that western civilization had taken a wrong turning, which must inevitably lead to disaster, and through disaster to a New Birth. His message was to kindle hope, by picturing what life should be like after the New Birth, illustrating his picture from the past, when some such society as he hoped for was actually in existence—society in which Ulysses, Jason, Æneas, Sigurd, Grettir, verily played the part of men. In his superb prose romances he forsook history, and gave his imagination and his heart full play, and the result is a revelation of the depths of Morris's nature, and the mature convictions which had been the growth of his whole life.

It is in the evolution from Plato's 'Republic,' through More's 'Utopia' and 'News from Nowhere' that William Morris played his part, and if his dreams are not likely to be realized as soon as those of Jules Verne, and H. G. Wells, he will wait in good company. St. Augustine in his City of God, St. John in his Vision of the Church Triumphant, looked into the future as William Morris did—and they still wait.

If such a looking forward is to be sneered at as mediævalism, because it takes what is best, and most fundamental in the past, as a foundation of experience on which to build, what shall we say of Mr. Golding's

Victorianism, which chooses as its foundation those factors which have proved most subject to change, of all the changing elements of the late nineteenth century?

I am, etc.,

LAURENCE W. HODSON

Bradbourne Hall, Ashbourne, Derbyshire.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—Mr. Louis Golding's attack on Morris in the SATURDAY REVIEW of March 11 is very interesting. Of course, like all great poets, Morris must go through the traditional trial before canonization, and Mr. Golding, having cast himself for the part of Devil's advocate, fills his office with no mean ability. His charges resolve themselves into two parts, of which the second is the more serious: (1) that Morris exercised more than one art, and (2) that he wrote in an antiquated idiom.

Now the first of these charges is not a grave one, as Mr. Golding sees it hits not only Morris but Michaelangelo and Leonardo. For it is not a grave charge against an artist to say that he exercised many arts if he did them well; the critic must endeavour to show that the fruits are bad in themselves before he can persuade us to condemn the tree. This Mr. Golding does not do. Michaelangelo was an architect, and he built the dome of St. Peter's; he was a sculptor, and he carved the 'Moses'; he was a poet, and he wrote the verses on Night; he was a painter, and he painted the 'Creation of Man.' Well, Morris was a painter, and he painted the 'Iseult' which is at Kelmscott Manor; he was a printer, and he printed the Kelmscott Chaucer; he was a stained-glass maker, and made the windows at Birmingham; he was a tapestry-weaver, and made the Orchard tapestry; he was a novelist, and wrote 'The Water of the Wondrous Isles'; he was a poet, and wrote 'Sigurd the Volsung.' Let Mr. Golding show us wherein the 'Sigurd' fails as an epic, or the Orchard as a tapestry, and we shall be more readily impressed.

With Mr. Golding's other charge I have more sympathy. It does at first sight seem a pity that 'The Water of the Wondrous Isles' and 'The Roots of the Mountains' should be written in a diction which is beautiful, no doubt, but an invention or gathering of Morris's own; still, the charge has been brought before against an earlier poet, and by a great critic, and the poet so condemned has survived in spite of it. In his 'Discoveries' (1641) Ben Jonson wrote: "Spenser, in affecting the ancients, writ no language." Yet Spenser is more read to-day than "well-languaged" Samuel Daniel, whose diction, though he was born two years before Shakespeare, is as modern as Waller's. This difficulty of an archaic diction is greatest for the poet's contemporaries; afterwards it becomes merged by time in the strangeness belonging to the past as a whole, and ceases to matter.

I am, etc.,

OLIVER LODGE, JUN.

Upper Holcombe, Painswick.

A NEW PUBLIC SCHOOL

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—Two years ago we issued an account of the principles upon which the new public school at Bembridge was founded. In view of the public interest then shown in the scheme, we desire to submit a brief statement of some of the developments in connexion with the school, and of actual things done.

1. Those responsible for the intellectual work of the school (which takes boys to the standard of University scholarship and entrance examinations) have found that the liberal provision for the study and practice of arts and crafts has acted favourably on the quality of the academic work. Moreover, it has been found that boys, who under a more restricted curriculum would be considered backward, have been enabled to find adequate means of self-expression.

2. Experiments have been made, not in revolutionary methods of government, but with the object of getting adequate co-operation from the boys in the work of the school and increasing their own interest. Thus certain extra activities of the school have been organized as guilds forming small fraternities with regular meetings for the study and discussion of their work and its organization. The boys pass to the higher ranks of the guilds as they qualify by industry and efficiency. They are largely self-governing. The Guild of Printers produces on its own press the school newspaper, and all the guilds undertake appropriate and distinctive activities.

3. The study of English literature and particularly of modern literature is carried out on the basis of working through the existing literary interests of the boys. Some of the senior boys have undertaken and carried through a local survey and, in a volume shortly to be published, have dealt with the historical, literary, scientific and human aspects of the country amid which their school is situated. The intellectual stimulus from this enterprise has been seen in their English work generally.

4. The school museum and art gallery is worked on a new and perhaps unique plan. No permanent collection of exhibits is attempted, but each term there is a new exhibition. The subjects of these have already included Drawings by Children of Other Lands, the History of the Isle of Wight, National Arts and Crafts, and Italian Pictures, as well as exhibitions each summer of the work of the boys of the school. The object of this method of using the museum is to attempt to bring greater breadth into the school life and interests.

5. The historical teaching of the school includes, as part of the regular curriculum, a course on the history and institutions of America, and in this connexion one part of the school library is devoted to a representative collection of books dealing with many aspects of American history and institutions. This work is helped by the advice of a committee including leading American professors and educationists.

If any of your readers desire further information and will apply to the Honorary Warden at Yellowsands, Bembridge, Isle of Wight, it will be gladly supplied.

We are, etc.,

W. R. INGE,	H. W. NEVINSON,
HENRY CAVENDISH BENTINCK,	HAROLD LASKI,
CHAS. F. G. MASTERMAN,	NOEL BUXTON,
P. C.	J. HOWARD WHITEHOUSE.

Yellowsands, Bembridge, I.W.

THE SHAKESPEARE MEMORIAL NATIONAL THEATRE

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—The affairs of the Memorial are approaching a crisis, and on the decision of the Executive, endorsed by the General Committee, will undoubtedly depend the future welfare of the project. It is, therefore, urgent that those who are competent to give an opinion on the different proposals now being dealt with should realize that the occasion is one of importance. Moreover, there is the question of the disposal of public funds. The report adopted by the Executive and General Committee on March 23, 1909, has been scrapped, and of the new proposals now before the Executive the subscribers should be fully informed, because they do not in the least conform to the original conditions.

In 1909 the Executive numbered forty-two persons and the General Committee 250. The attendances now at the meetings do not reach a score. It is much hoped, therefore, that subscribers and others will move in the matter.

I am, etc.,

Putney.

WILLIAM POEL.

Reviews

THE SEVENTH WIFE OF HENRY VIII

Tudor Ideals. By Lewis Einstein. Bell. 14s. net.

MR. EINSTEIN is widely read in his subject, and he gives a general view of Tudor life in England which is of value for its comprehensiveness. He pulls the period together and presents it in the round. He seldom, however, succeeds in arresting our attention and even more seldom succeeds in satisfying it. He has to an excessive degree the generalizing mind, and generalizations, when they are careful and true, have too often an air of platitude. The writer with strong prejudices, an assured command of language and a sufficient lack of reverence for the truth, can generalize and be brilliant. But the average honest historian, if he generalizes to excess, cannot escape dullness.

One of Mr. Einstein's generalizations is of direct interest and application to present politics. The Tudor monarchy was the product of an urgent necessity for reconstruction in every province of the national life. Civil war and social revolution had left the old order in ruins. The community had to be established afresh and new sources of authority had to be found. This necessity for reconstruction was the opportunity of the new dynasty and explains its rapid increase of power. Here, however, Mr. Einstein seems to have missed the real moral of the period, so far as it is of value to ourselves. The Tudor power began by being personal and popular. It ended by becoming official and bureaucratic and by endeavouring to impose on the English people something which they have never for long been able to tolerate or forgive. King Henry VIII, so long as he merely executed philosophers or changed his wives, exalted his ministers or sent them to the block, and behaved in other respects like a merely human tyrant, might lord it securely "with most prevailing tinsel." But when tyranny grew into a system, when it became organized and official, as under Elizabeth, when it worked through committees and commissions, when the land became covered with a network of authorities descending from the Queen in Council to the humble agent or inspector who arrested people or reported upon their conduct in distant villages, the temper of the nation changed.

This aspect of the Tudor despotism has been strangely neglected. There is nowhere any satisfactory or adequate account of the systematic attempt of the Tudors, the most systematic and most nearly successful attempt made in our history, to introduce bureaucracy into England. Of the many reasons given in our histories why King Charles I was dethroned and decapitated, perhaps the most important of all has passed almost without comment. Yet the authorities are plentiful and decisive. No such record of bureaucratic achievement exists in the annals of any country as the Acts of the Privy Council under Elizabeth. These Acts have for years been accessible in thirty substantial volumes edited by Sir William Dasent. They have even been recommended to the attention of undergraduates by our Universities. Nevertheless it seems to have escaped the attention of the many readers which these Acts must surely have secured that one of the reasons why Cromwell was able to abolish the monarchy was that for many people it had ceased to be a monarchy. It had become an official hierarchy in which the real tyrant was the statute book administered by local magistrates. Shakespeare was writing as an Elizabethan when he caused one of the followers of Jack Cade to exclaim: "The first thing we do, let's kill all the lawyers." The plays of the time corroborate the sober records of the chronicler. The despot against whom Hampden rose was less His Majesty King Charles than the local Sir Giles Overreach, who knew, as such

men under a complicated bureaucratic system will always know, how to turn the laws and regulations to his own profit, and how to hide his private ambitions under the ample petticoat, or perhaps we should say farthingale, of Queen Dora.

The rise and fall of bureaucracy under Elizabeth and her two successors has yet to be treated as it deserves. Meanwhile a few evenings spent with Dasent's Acts of the Privy Council or with the Calendar of State Papers, supplemented by even a slight knowledge of the literature of the period, will at any rate suffice to show any investigator who is not under the absolute dominion of established ideas, that it was Dora rather than Henrietta Maria who ruined Charles. The impulse of Englishmen towards liberty in the seventeenth century arose at least as much from a general dislike of the interference of the State with the private concerns of the citizen as from a dislike of taxation without representation, or from an interest in religious doctrine and practice. Under the bureaucratic regime of James I, an Englishman might be arrested in a remote village in Yorkshire upon orders from London for eating meat on a day when it was against the law to do so, for uttering "lewd words" (i.e., words shocking to the authorities), or for wearing a sword two inches longer than was prescribed. Congreve put the larger portion of English history in a nutshell when he wrote: "If the English want a maypole, they will have a maypole."

The moral for this generation is plain. We have seen in our own time, as a result of hard necessity, another great attempt to establish government by bureaucracy. But already the signs of rebellion are clear upon every side. No one who has read English with an eye for the underlying motives of our race can doubt that there will shortly be a tremendous reaction. The lesson we derive from a study of Tudor ideals is that the English spirit cannot be broken or even depressed for more than a moment by the discipline necessarily imposed upon most great nations in a time of crisis. The Tudors, after a period of internal disaster and during a period of foreign menace, disciplined England in order that she might be reconstructed and be made safe. But when the necessity had passed, and when tyranny, from being the personal prerogative of an accepted leader, became the blind pressure of an organized system, the English nation rebelled and showed once for all that not thus could its spirit be either broken or misled. We may wait confidently to-day for history to repeat itself.

Meanwhile we would point out that Henry VIII had a seventh wife, not mentioned in the history books, who survived him and who was to prove the ruin of his posterity. If only he had had the prevision to send Queen Dora to the block previous to his own demise the story might have had a happier ending.

THE LITTLE PEOPLE

On the Trail of the Pigmies. By Dr. Leonard John Vander Bergh. Fisher Unwin. 12s.6d. net.

THIS is a vivid record of observations made among some of the tribes inhabiting British East Africa and the Uganda Protectorate. Father Vander Bergh begins with the Wanyika, who live nearer the coast than the others. They cultivate arrowroot and maize, the women doing most of the work. They make themselves lugubriously happy on the juice of palms which brews itself over night, but it is not a brew which even the most extreme anti-prohibitionist will commend. The huts are exceedingly primitive, and in their menage cattle come first, wives second. Food supply is abundant, but there is no storage against ever-recurrent famine. Physically strong, the people are weak of will and "laissez-faire moralists." The women are good mothers—martyrs, indeed, to maternity. For

frequent child-bearing makes them prematurely old, while their husbands remain sleek. Polygamy is the ideal, but the high (initial) cost of wives conduces to monogamy. The marriages are entirely exogamous, which the author appears to regard as obedience to a first law of nature! An interesting description is given of the elaborate funeral dance, which appears to have considerable artistic excellence, and even its sexual suggestiveness is meant to indicate that the vacant place must be filled as quickly as possible. They do not believe in "race-suicide," the Wanyika.

The Wakamba are a Bantu tribe occupying a large territory which begins west of the station of Mariakani on the Uganda railroad. They simply bristle with idiosyncrasies, such as chipping their front teeth to sharp points (the better for tearing up raw meat), and screwing in artificial ones when their own break off; or drinking the raw blood of a bullock, which they are able to tap without slaughter; or pecking off their eyebrows with tweezers. They will do anything for beauty, the Wakamba, whether it be scarifying the skin, or shaving the head in patterns, or hanging trinkets to the top of the ear as well as to the lower lobe. They are not pleasant companions for the olfactorily sensitive, for the daubing of the body with rancid butter is so profuse. Although the men are not quite so listless and lackadaisical as the Wanyika, the only labour at which they do not lack enterprise is the making of beer. They are also inordinately fond of snuffing, and Father Vander Bergh recommends the Wakamba brand to anyone who is addicted to the habit and wishes to stop. An interesting feature, which is known elsewhere, is the avoidance of the mother-in-law after the birth of the first child. The speciality of the Wakamba is their sense of hearing: "they can speak to one another in ordinary conversational tones at a distance of one hundred yards without difficulty."

"As is the world on the banks, so is the mind of man," and a good illustration is afforded by the philosophy and temperament of the Wakikuyu who inhabit Kikuyu, within easy reach of Nairobi. The air is fresh, the climate is delicious, the aspect is evergreen, the fruits of the earth abound, and in that environment there live the Wakikuyu—with gentle manners, harmonious conversation, imperturbable temper, modest dances, and pleasing smiles. Sensitive spirits too, with more than one form of confessional when they have sinned against tradition or against nature. For the distinction between transgressions of tribal *mores* and the really deadly sins, like incest, is clearly in their minds. And yet these gentle folk expose those who are sick unto death, and leave them in the bush to the hyenas. Dr. Vander Bergh explains this ethical paradox in terms of the conviction which these religious and reflective people cherish, that death is not a natural event, but rather an accident brought about by the mistakes and transgressions of the persons responsible for the welfare of their dependents. Sin is the root of all evil; the result of sin is death; and death is contagious. Thus the exposure, which seems so cruel, has a philosophical as well as a biological basis, and there is no lack of sorrow in observing the rule.

A journey of a hundred miles from the garden of Kikuyu brings the traveller to the bleak prairie of Masailand, and the antithesis of the tribes is diagrammatic. No doubt the differences in hereditary "nature" (race) are accentuated by the differences in environmental "nurture" (climate), for the Masai are blood-thirsty, almost sour, undomesticated, and very carnivorous. On the other hand, the men show unsurpassed courage, whether on a raid or a lion-hunt. The pity is that the Masai are on the verge of absolute dissolution as a tribe and as a people. This is due, according to Dr. Vander Bergh, to three chief causes: the late marriages of the warriors, the prevalence of free love, and the spread of syphilis.

The account of the Wakavirondo is full of interest. For instance, the characteristic knocking out of the

lower front teeth, which makes the mouth fall in badly, is explained as a device to prevent death from starvation in cases of lockjaw.

The picture of the Mambuti pigmies is fascinating. They are the smallest human beings (the women averaging four feet) and true children of the forest.

They eat the produce of the forest; they shelter under trees and boughs; they make huts of the twigs and leaves of the forest; they need no open space or sunshine; and they are as happy without cover or shelter as they are under it.

They are clannish and always on the move; they are elusive and given to "watchful waiting"; they can kill an elephant with their little arrows and they have an innate objection to work. "They live like the creeping things of the woods." They are eupeptic and healthy, clean livers and very honest, without social aspirations, but very happy. They are monogamous and monotheistic. Long life to the pigmies.

Dr. Vander Bergh has given us a charming book—the outcome of prolonged and sympathetic studies. It is often stranger than fiction, but it bears throughout the mark of the careful observer. The photographs are of great excellence and they always have their point. Whoever wishes an engrossing evening, let him follow the trail of the pigmies.

MR. MENCKEN'S PREFACES

A Book of Prefaces. By H. L. Mencken. Jonathan Cape. 7s. 6d.

WE found Mr. Mencken's 'Prejudices' amusing, and we did not hesitate to commend his courage and his gusto. But there are other qualities needed for the making of a good critic, and the essays now before us prove that Mr. Mencken has much to learn, but is scarcely on the right road towards learning it. He has won a certain reputation as the Devil's Advocate in American literature by deriding those sentimental writers of "best-sellers" and those champions of intellectual respectability who flourish in the cities of the Eastern States. His diatribes against the popular authors of his country are read here with an entertainment which would be more vivid if we were better acquainted with the writings of the victims. With the exception of one or two favourites of his own, Mr. Mencken sweeps away with contempt the whole of current American writing. He expresses himself with force and conviction, and as we read his denunciations we often find ourselves inclined to agree with him. But in 'A Book of Prefaces' he partly abandons his destructive method, and praises the writers whom he admires. The value of a critic is always better shown in what he praises than in what he blames; the latter is the easier task, and needs less discernment. We take Mr. Mencken, therefore, on the constructive side, and we have to confess that he disappoints us.

This new book—not very intelligibly named, since it does not introduce its subjects, but discusses them after they have been studied—consists of four extended essays. Of these, three profess to deal with the general work of three authors, one English, two American. The fourth essay is a vigorous attack on the Puritan spirit in recent American thought and custom, and is an example of the drastic method already familiar to us in 'Prejudices.' The three critical papers are more novel, because they reveal not the hatreds, but the loves, of Mr. Mencken. They deal with Mr. Conrad, who is known to everybody, and with Mr. Theodore Dreiser and Mr. James Huneker, whose work is not so familiar. These three appear to be Mr. Mencken's prime favourites among recent English and American authors. He is loftily scornful of what other critics have said about Conrad, and sneers at "the Conrad cult, so discreetly nurtured out of a Barabbasian silo." We do not know what a "Barabbasian silo" is, but it sounds both perfidious and malodorous. Mr. Mencken, who is excessively allusive, mentions, in connexion with the author of

'Lord Jim,' that George and Hichens are "more competent artisans" than Dickens or Zola. He says a great many other things of an equally surprising nature, and seems to be attempting, with extreme violence, to tear the sorry scheme of literary tradition into shreds, so as to build a nest for his own peculiar conception of Mr. Conrad's genius. He makes various clever remarks, but throws no fresh light on to the beautiful mind of that admirable author. It is to Mr. Mencken's credit that he admires Mr. Conrad, but he does not show himself competent to account for his predilection.

The chapters about Mr. Dreiser and Mr. Huneker are more interesting, partly, perhaps, because we know little about those writers, and depend on Mr. Mencken for information. Mr. Dreiser is an American novelist, of German extraction, who has been before the public, with a succession of elaborate novels, for a quarter of a century. He has not received much favour from the reviewers, and Mr. Mencken, who, nevertheless, admires him very much, gives an overwhelming series of reasons why he should not be liked. "The truth about Dreiser is that he... vacillates between a moral sentimentalism and a somewhat extravagant revolt." Mr. Mencken, of course, enjoys the "revolt" and does not spare reproach of the "moral sentimentalism." We have not read Dreiser, and it is a drawback to Mr. Mencken's method as a critic that, with an immense flow of powerful language, it fails to present an image of its subject. James Gibbons Huneker, "the solitary lokanaan in this tragic æsthetic wilderness," as his eulogist calls him, is somewhat better known here, for his volumes of dramatic and musical criticism were a good deal discussed. He wrote terribly bad English, but he was learned and he was in earnest; and, above all, he directed towards the gutter of oblivion the geyser of sentimental buttermilk. (We find it impossible to avoid adopting the style of Mr. Mencken!) For his latest critic he has the charm of being "anti-Philistine," and, as Mr. Mencken says, in his inimitable way, Huneker brandished a spear against the fat milch cow of wisdom. There does not seem to be much more to say about Huneker, but he makes a good tree from whose branches Mr. Mencken can snipe the regiment of imbeciles and Comstocks.

OLD PLAYS AND NEW

Mary of Scots. By John Peterson. Melrose. 5s. net.

The Black Virgin. By Hermon Ould. Palmer. 4s. 6d. net.

IT would be difficult to find a more complete contrast between the old traditions and the new possibilities of an art than is provided by the two plays before us, simultaneously published, it might seem, as by a deliberate irony. The virtues Mr. John Peterson possesses we feel we could safely accredit to Mr. Hermon Ould, who has no use for them. The virtues of Mr. Ould would be interpreted by his unconscious antagonist as vices; heresies, rather, which no conformist playwright would care to discuss.

First then, Mr. Peterson has left the mere creation of episode and psychological complication to the cinema. Like his predecessors in Greek tragedy, he prefers to select a drama which cannot afflict his hearers with the vulgar shock of surprise. In the eighteenth century he would have presented us with a variation upon 'The Second Mrs. Tanqueray' in the manner of that epoch. In the nineteen-twenties he follows the fashion of the biographical drama with a selection from the adventures of Mary Stuart. It is all done with praiseworthy devotion to historical event and a feeling for those more obvious and more spectacular moments which would have intrigued the managerial heart of Sir Herbert Tree. He has not been perturbed by the greater failure of Swinburne, and a note at the beginning of this volume makes it unlikely that he is aware of the lesser failure of Mr. Drinkwater. But these

others failed as poets; Mr. Peterson succeeds with the success of the pageant-writer.

The settings devised by Mr. Peterson show a bland ignorance of Reinhardt, Craig, Fraser, any modernist soever. They belong serenely to the photographic tradition which only in the remotest country towns remains unshaken. But we regret more the wooden, unsubtle psychology of the main actors. It is difficult to conceive Mary Stuart, the sinister and adorable, cruel and secret from the moment of her birth, whining "Torture? Ah, four months ago I would not willingly have hurt a fly. See what men have brought me to, Henry!" It is not so much difficult as ludicrous to conceive this wild queen crying like a slapped school-girl, "Oh, Bothwell, be nice to me!" The Bothwell of this drama is much attenuated from the splendid scoundrel of history, whom the Scottish State Papers, with more sense of dramatic idiom than Mr. Peterson, knew to be "as naughty a man as liveth, as false as a devil, and one that the godly of this whole nation hath a cause to curse for ever."

The vernacular employed to give relief from the more grandiose language of the set scenes is consistent and racy. But Ruthven displays an inadequate knowledge of natural history which the author should correct. "Danger from a stinking parlez-vous like you?" he asks. "As much danger as from a rat in a hole when the ferrets are gathered about the entrance." Ruthven should be informed that ferrets are not quite so diffident in their behaviour.

If Mr. Peterson's play should, as is not impossible, see the footlights before long, we should strongly counsel the deletion of Mary's vision at the end of the play. Darnley's house has been set ablaze, and Mary, made visionary in the poignant clarity of her conscience, sees "on the wall above her head, set as if in the frame of a picture . . . the block . . . and the Headsman dressed in scarlet . . ." But it is easy to anticipate the rest. We are certain that the trumpery device which in so large a degree ensured the doom of Miss Dane's 'Will Shakespeare' would deal no less scurvily with Mr. Peterson's production.

Mr. Hermon Ould will have no truck with school-book stories to provide him with his material. Far from it. He projects his story into the future; and the future for him, despite the ridiculously imminent date he gives it, is no mere anticipation of the passing of a law, such as Miss Dane, to whom we have already referred, demanded from us in her 'Bill of Divorcement.' Technically, 'The Black Virgin' could only attain its real effects with the assistance of every art of the newer theatre-craft. Its drama grows out of a time and condition when characters, now taken rightly or wrongly to be pathological exceptions from normal humanity, are allowed to express their loves and hates with the whole candour of the stage. This strange play is enacted in a hillside village of Southern Germany, a region where several journals and plays have already endeavoured to explain the type of love Mr. Ould displays in action. Hans is a young "wander-bird" for whom his older friend Johann has a passionate affection. Howard, an Englishman, suddenly makes his appearance and interrupts their friendship by the strong mutual attraction which Hans and he exert upon each other. The point of rest in the play is provided by Lena, who has fallen in love with the Englishman, to redeem him, we anticipate, from the *impasse* whither he is straying. Yet the fact remains that throughout her love is not reciprocated. Only after Johann disappears from the scene in a fit of the hysteria which has accompanied him all through, Lena and Howard fall into each other's arms, in a manner which efficiently brings the curtain down, but melodramatically shirks the issue which the whole play has propounded. We can no more object to Mr. Ould's choice of subject that we can refuse to consider the monstrous calamity which underlies 'The Cenci.' Yet we cannot see why the problem was worth stating at all if it was not worth a more courageous solution.

"MOVIE"-MAKING IN THE EAST

Where the Strange Trails Go Down. By E. Alexander Powell. Scribner's. 15s. net.

MR. POWELL, an inveterate seeker after adventure, was persuaded to guide a film-making expedition through Sulu, Borneo, Celebes, Bali, Java, Sumatra, the Malay States and so to Cochin-China. In the book before us he tries, with fair success, to write "a light-hearted, care-free, casual narrative" of his wanderings, only now and then touching on political or other grave questions. We do not wish to be pedantic in dealing with a book done frankly for the average reader's entertainment, but it seems to us that some of the statements and criticisms made in the serious passages should have been supported by more evidence or at least accompanied by indications where such evidence could be found. For example, when dealing with the Bugis of Celebes Mr. Powell naturally has a good deal to say of the tendency, more marked in them than in any other race, to run amok. This curious homicidal and suicidal frenzy has perhaps never been adequately treated in a popular work of travel or ethnography, and Mr. Powell here had a good opportunity. Instead of utilizing it, he merely tells an anecdote or so and alludes, without giving any authority, to an old practice on the Malabar coast of India, though there is no true resemblance between running amok out of a sense of grievance against the world in general and any variety of outrage done in obedience to the principle of succession whereby the King or priest who slew the slayer is himself slain by his successor. Again, the very serious charge brought against the British North Borneo Company ought to have been to some extent documented. Mr. Powell is better when rattling on in his brisk, shrewd way about the crocodile insurance in force in part of Netherlands India, whereby for a small weekly sum a hunter agrees, not to protect the insurer, but to recover his or her ornaments and jewels from the interior of the crocodile for the benefit of the bereaved; or about the little ways in which native princes employ their leisure; or about the fine simplicity with which the right kind of white man, British, American or Dutch, manages rebel tribes. We like Captain Link's method with the truculent Moro, whose head he kept for the others to gaze on, and on whose fez he wrote:—

This is John Henry.
John Henry Disobeyed Captain Link.
Sic Transit Gloria Mundi.

The book is very fully illustrated with reproductions of photographs taken by the author's party.

PETRONIUS THE REALIST

Petronius, Leader of Fashion. Translation and Notes. By J. M. Mitchell. Routledge. 8s. 6d. net.

MR. MITCHELL, a classical teacher before the war, has, after five years of military service, published a translation of Petronius more likely to appeal to the twentieth-century man than the usual scholar's version. He uses "the equivalents which the intelligent cynic in the club would use to convey the same ideas to an audience analogous to that for which Petronius may be presumed to have written." The result is a free and easy version which is very readable, and often happy in its equivalents, though the "cynic" in question must be quite alive to the slang of to-day. He is against lengthy paraphrases and maintains that English is not so cumbrous as it seems to indolent translators. But here and there he has filled out or written up his version, and to do that with an artist and a realist like Petronius is a hazardous, if not impertinent, proceeding. "There's a slump in our markets, but so there is abroad" (p. 64), is up-to-date indeed, but an improvement on the Latin. One of the wives who are among the most life-like figures at the Banquet,

says to the other, "Est te videre?" This is rendered, "What a treat to see you, my dear!" "Is it really you?" would be adequate. The frank and rank conversation of the materialists of the streets is the most amazing thing in the 'Satiricon.' It is as up-to-date to-day as it was in the days of Nero, and has been rendered with spirit, though the version might occasionally have been nearer in taste and tone. The notes supply purposely a good deal that is in the classical dictionaries. We are not quite happy about this reduction of personal effort for the modern student, but it is the fashion of the day, and Mr. Mitchell's students, we gather, have not much time for Latin. His version is due to the idea that, outside the Universities and a few schools, the classics are expounded by dull pedants. We wonder how far that indictment is true to-day. With much that he says about the choice of authors we agree, but we do not think the average teacher so prim as he is pictured here.

There is a rage for slang just now, and dignity of any sort is out of fashion; but we doubt if all this looseness is necessary for the understanding of a classic, even one so gay as Petronius. When all the moderns have finished with the English language, "it will look," as Mr. Dooley says, "as if it had been run over by a musical comedy." Mr. Mitchell is not altogether consistent; why does he use the solemn "in-as-much as" (sic) for the simple Latin *quia*? His Introduction is quite interesting. We cannot help wishing and believing that the Petronius so piquantly described by Tacitus was the author of the 'Satiricon.' But we do not believe that this medley of discreditable love-affairs and sordid adventures was the exposure of Nero which Petronius sent off just before committing suicide by imperial order. There are several reasons against such a view.

We have only a fragment of what Petronius wrote. Even so, he has given us two admirable stories—concerning the werewolf and the matron of Ephesus—the most satisfying criticism of Horace, enough "horse-sense" to please the modern advertiser, and puzzles enough concerning his purpose and meaning to keep scholars busy for ever. He was a realist, but he was also a parodist. That, we think, is certain, and it is quite possible that he was taking off the extravagances of the Greek romances. His rascals have the cool impudence of Gil Blas without the occasional qualms of conscience. He is strangely modern in the suppression of his own views. He neither approves nor condemns, and the most that we can say of him is that he was an inimitable observer of the human comedy and a lover of poetry. Was he, like Mæcenas, a man of proved ability, who sank into the refinements of luxury and patronized poets? Such guesses are attractive, but not likely, with the materials we possess, to be raised to probabilities.

ARTIFICIAL LANGUAGES

A Short History of the International Language Movement. By Professor A. L. Guérard. Fisher Unwin. 21s. net.

IN recently reviewing Professor Otto Jespersen's latest contribution to philology, we confessed ourselves ignorant of Ido, an artificial language which the eminent Danish savant has taken under his protection. Had we known that Professor Guérard was about to publish the work we have now before us, we might have written more cautiously, for, with his help, although perhaps we could not pass an examination in Ido, we know as much about it, dare we say without flippancy, as we need to know? His book is too modestly called a "short" history; it is, on the contrary, noticeably long, and contains much that is not of general interest, but it has the great merit of describing, in succession, the various attempts which have been made to create a world-language. We do not think that any previous volume has gathered together

the information about Blue Language and Solvesol and Panroman and all the rest of the odd mushroom-tongues which have sprung up and died away within the last forty years. Professor Guérard, who is, we believe, a Californian of French extraction, writes with moderation and common sense, and does not appear to have any special axe of his own to grind. The subject is one which has occupied so many minds in so many countries that it cannot be overlooked, and a manual of its varieties is welcome.

The notion of a universal language has not been traced back farther than to Descartes, who, in 1629, suggested it in a letter to the Père Mersenne. It is a pity that M. Guérard, who several times mentions this letter, does not give the text of that passage of it which refers to an artificial language. Leibniz, with his proposal for a "simplified" Latin, approached the same theme. Nothing definite, however, was done until 1817, when a music-master, François Sudre, observing that in music itself an international language already existed, invented a vocabulary, which he called Solvesol. It was rather a poor affair, but it has had its adherents for a hundred years and is not quite dead yet. In 1868 a man called Pirro invented a clumsy "universal-sprache," which faded in the blaze of Volapük, a really ingenious system, invented, in 1879, by a Swiss priest, Père Schleyer. M. Guérard justly remarks that Volapük was "neither easy nor beautiful," but it enjoyed an astonishing success for some years. It has, however, waned in the light of Esperanto, a language invented in 1859 by a Polish Jew named Zamenhof. The history of the Esperanto movement is interesting; it advanced slowly and obscurely until 1905, when it took a world-wide development, which was only checked by the Great War. It fell then into a state of arrested activity, and Dr. Zamenhof died in 1917 without hope for the future. But, to quote the enthusiastic words of Professor Guérard, in 1922:

The cataclysm is over. Esperantists, long driven from the city of their faith, are already flocking back; they are busy exploring the ruins, salvaging, consolidating, rebuilding.

In a different sense, Geneva seems to be "the city of their faith," for, since M. Guérard's book left the press, they have had a great victory there. In the schools of the canton of Geneva it has been decided that the compulsory teaching of German shall cease, and Esperanto shall in future take its place. We learn that it has proved an attractive change, and that the children can already converse on easy subjects and even write short letters in Esperanto. We doubt the wisdom and still more the permanency of the revolution.

Meanwhile, by the side of orthodox Esperanto, many other schemes have been started: there is Cosmoglotta, which the author of the manual before us thinks fitted to the style of Mr. H. G. Wells. There is "Latino sine Flexione," in which *Mutabile semper femina* becomes *Femina semper muta*, which seems quite another thing. There is a monosyllabic Blue Language, invented by a M. Bollack, in which *pnabs* stands for "abdication," which sounds very arbitrary; and, finally, there is Ido, in which we take a particular interest. Ido was invented by the Marquis de Beaufront in 1907, and it is the most successful rival which Esperanto has encountered. We grieve to learn that "accusations of selfish ambition, of greed and graft, of disloyalty and treason" have been "bandied too and fro between Primitive Esperantists and Idists." Its great apostle, M. Conturat, is "the infallible pope of a small schismatic church," which is very sad. M. Guérard fears that if Esperanto were to collapse, as Volapük collapsed thirty years ago, Ido would not be able to carry on alone, and "the international language idea would suffer a long eclipse." We are not sure that this would be an unmixed evil, for we cannot say that the examples of Ido given here, and in Dr. Jespersen's book, are able to persuade us that the language would be of practical use. The vocabulary

seems to us overpraised; it is neither scientific nor convenient. What is aimed at in all these artificial languages is a dialect "easiest for the greatest number of people." In spite of the efforts of an extraordinarily large number of scholars in all countries, a really practical vocabulary has not been invented yet.

Fiction

SOUL GROWTH

Mainspring. By V. H. Friedlaender. Collins. 7s.6d. net.

A French Girl in London. By Adolphe Orna. Cape. 6s. net.

The Room. By G. B. Stern. Chapman & Hall. 7s.6d. net.

FROM the opinions of James Stephens (presumably the author of the 'Crock of Gold'), Miss Friedlaender has chosen this phrase as a motto for her first long novel: "The only subject in which a writer should engage is one showing the growth of a soul to some maturity. . . ." We do not know if Mr. Stephens goes on to qualify this sweeping pronouncement in any way, but as it stands it is patently absurd. From the literary point of view, a writer should engage in any subject, whether it is of the nature of 'Pilgrim's Progress' or the 'Decameron,' upon which he feels a strong and persistent desire to express himself; and if no such desire arises, he should not engage in any subject at all. That we had imagined to be accepted as the only rule that it is possible to lay down in the matter. To work against the grain, whether from a sense of artistic or moral duty, an ambition to win the approval of the many or the few, or the mere anxiety to earn money, is to ensure making nothing that matters; and setting the teeth is as great a hindrance to good craftsmanship as putting the tongue in the cheek. For the moment, however, we are less concerned with the unsoundness of the maxim quoted than with the manner in which it has lately been so frequently followed, especially in this country and by women novelists. Undeniably the growth of a soul to maturity may make the foundation of an excellent novel, but there can be no good reason for the constant similarity of treatment. A soul may reach some maturity in a few pages, within the compass of a short story; while, as there is no known maximum of maturity, the process may as well take place in middle, or for that matter old, age as in the period of childhood and adolescence. Yet time after time we are offered these enormously long books, in which the lives of the principal characters are described in minute detail from nursery days until the moment when they have become convinced (for the first time) of their true mission in life. It has justly become the fashion to deride the fine old ending of a previous school of romance: "So they married, and lived happily ever after," but it is hardly more false in essence than: "So they discovered, at four and twenty, what they believed to be their destiny, and lived happily (or unhappily) wedded to that belief ever after." Some who marry, or discover an overwhelming ambition, early in life have found their right vocation; others are constantly readjusting their point of view, so long as breath remains in their bodies.

However, Miss Friedlaender elects to proceed on the lines made familiar to us by Miss Hunt, Miss Sinclair, Miss Delafield and many others, and introduces us to two sisters, one fine and strong, the other gentle and unselfish, meticulously setting down their unhappy childhood (due, in this instance, to the sadistic cruelty of a clergyman father), their devotion to each other, the usual babyish speculations on God and the universe, their uneventful school days, their friends, their callow swains, and so on until two-thirds of a bulky volume

have been filled. It seems to us that all this is inexcusably out of proportion to the main theme, which occupies the last hundred pages. Early training and discipline had little obvious effect on the character of Bridget Gale, who, except for a tendency to rebelliousness, displayed no great individuality until she reached the age of independence. There are authors who can bury the reader under avalanches of the unessential without letting him feel the weight of the load, but Miss Friedlaender is not one of them. For one thing, she has only a faint and occasional sense of humour; and it is difficult to imagine what, for instance, 'The Old Wives' Tale' would be without humour. None of the actors moreover in 'Mainspring' impress themselves very deeply on the imagination. We are told that Bridget was a wonderful painter, which she may well have been, for many great painters are no more enthralling in conversation or acute of intelligence than she. But as we cannot see Bridget's pictures and judge them ourselves, this does not help matters much. One or two of the characters are of a disturbing unreality, particularly the malignant cripple, Hugh; and there is a touch of melodrama about some of the big scenes. Yet the book has undoubted merits. It is capably and most conscientiously written, many things in it are truly said, and arresting passages often occur. Perhaps the author will reconsider her method, if not her creed, and presently give us something more swiftly and sharply drawn. We feel that this huge, loosely woven fabric is not the material best suited to her art. There has been a passion of late, among writers of ambition, for bigness; but bigness is nothing in itself. Polyphemus was very large and shapeless, but he was a much duller person than Ulysses.

'A French Girl in London' is certainly not dull, nor is it overweighted with detail; in fact it is inclined, in places, to err in the opposite direction. But it is a vivid and interesting piece of work, and was probably even better in its original French form. The author mercifully spares us the infancy of his heroine (which only one writer in a million ever makes convincing) and opens his story at the point where chance brings her and her mother to London on a visit. Marthe Monbiot, who has been rigidly brought up in the traditional middle-class manner of her country, is astounded and enchanted to find how much greater liberty is allowed to unmarried women in this strange land. It so happens that she is thrown into the company of a rather unusually free and easy set of young people (at Golder's Green, too!) whom she takes, as we suspect the author does as well, to be typical specimens of the inhabitants of this Island, which they certainly are not. Marthe, by nature a passionate and independent girl, became an enthusiast for English life and English ideas, shocked and infuriated Madame Monbiot by her behaviour and her definite refusal to return home, offered herself in marriage to a young Jew, who courteously declined the honour, and at last fell into the hands of a coarse, foul-mouthed, clever and libidinous barrister, Horace Simmons, who made her his mistress. M. Adolphe Orna's suggestion seems to be that a system which works well enough with a cold and sexless race like the women of England is dangerous to the warmer-hearted maidens of his own country. At any rate, Marthe goes from bad to worse, taking, as her second lover, her employer at the City office in which she is working, and even casting her eyes, at the same time, on the head clerk as well. It looks as if she was inevitably bound for ruin; but luckily she falls in with an amiable and tolerant Welsh scholar, who, aware of her history, makes her his wife, gives her a child, and restores her self-respect. From this point onwards, the book is sketchy and unsatisfactory. She proves herself a disagreeable mate, insanely jealous of the love of her baby, and harsh to her unhappy husband, who ultimately kills himself in despair. Actually we are told how and why these things happen, but they are too thinly painted to have much living reality. To finish her history, Marthe

becomes convinced that her theories on the liberty of her sex are erroneous, and, returning to Paris, she marries an elderly widower, with children of his own. According to her own statement, she has at last found the haven where she would be; but we should like to have a further report, dated, let us say, five years later. We have an idea that Marthe's soul had not finished growing yet. The author evidently knows London intimately, and understands its inhabitants as well as a writer can ever hope to understand foreigners. Observed from the outside, his English people are very well done; and it is always interesting to hear how we appear to the eyes of other races.

In 'The Room' we find ourselves back in the nursery, or at any rate the schoolroom, once more; and with little reason, for the connexion between the two periods of Ursula Maxwell's life, though insisted on with ingenuity, is a frail one. Strictly speaking this should not have been a story of the development of a character at all. The last section of the book, with its novel twist in the handling of an age-old situation, would have stood perfectly well by itself; but it would have been of a very awkward length for disposal, and we think that the author, conscious or subconscious of this fact, has artificially inflated the childhood of her heroine, so as to fill a whole volume with her history. This first section, at least, which is as long as the remaining three put together, is simple fare to place before mature guests. It deals with the insignificant daily life of a large middle-class family, and the storm raised in a tea-cup over the discovery that one of the boys has misappropriated a one-pound note, in a breezy manner reminiscent of Miss Angela Brazil, whose devotees would undoubtedly enjoy it all very much. An interval of some years follows, and we are brought at once to the crisis in Ursula's matrimonial relations with the hopelessly susceptible Douglas Barrison, and her fantastic scheme to secure his happiness at the cost of her own reputation. The mixture of motives, selfish and unselfish, which underlay this plan are cleverly exposed, and an attempt is made to derive them in direct line from the self-sacrifice that she had displayed, when a schoolgirl, in order to save her brother from disgrace; but the device is more than a little mechanical. Throughout, the book is written with a humorous cheerfulness that draws one on, even through the innocent vacancy of the early chapters. But we think that the "soul growth" idea has in this instance been dragged in by the heels.

The Magazines

The *Nineteenth* is this month very strong on the literary side. Miss Hickey, in a graceful eulogy, recalls the memory of 'Roden Noel, Poet,' who died in 1894, both as writer and as a man. His work has distinction and true poetical qualities in form and matter alike. Mr. A. B. Walkley's amusing and charming lecture on 'Jane Austen,' delivered the other day at the Royal Institution, is here put on permanent record. Mr. Michael Sadleir, in 'A Guide to Anthony Trollope,' aids in the growing rehabilitation of one of the most permanently interesting of the Victorian novelists. We quite agree that the popularity of the Barchester novels was in many ways unfortunate for Trollope's reputation; the Lady Glencora stories are better as a whole, while as a guide to mid-Victorian life Trollope is exceptionally valuable. Mrs. Parsons writes agreeably on 'Meals in Memoirs,' but we were surprised to find Kettner's 'Book of the Table' omitted from her list of good books on eating; it is a mine of information. Mr. J. H. Owen contributes a nature article on 'The Flight of the Sparrow-Hawk,' which, he says, may attain at its best 120 miles an hour. He describes its mode of hunting, its fancy-flying, and its cruel sporting with its victim. Lord Raglan has some notes on 'Arab Life and Character' in Syria; he dwells on the change for the worse of the Arab condition under British rule. Prof. Atkinson gives a very instructive account of 'Soviet Russia and the Famine,' and Mr. Harold Hodge criticizes the Geddes Committee from the point of view of an expert in local administration for the character of their recommendations—'A Committee of Non-Experts.' Mr. Gilbert Coleridge devotes a few pages to an appreciation of 'Oscar Wilde.'

The most important literary article in the *Fortnightly* is that by Benedetto Croce on 'Stendhal,' translated by Douglas Ainslie. It traces in the two heroes of this author the reflexion of what he really was—a nervous invalid with his empty aspirations and involuntary ironies, his illusions and delusions, and his incoherence. 'Captain Coignet and Napoleon' is an amusing account by Mr. W. S. Sparrow of the autobiography of an old soldier of

Napoleon, giving the point of view of the rank and file. Mr. Charles Dawbarn gives us 'Impressions of Rhodesia,' and Mrs. Aria 'About Henry Irving' has some anecdotes new or re-told. Mrs. Drinkwater reviews appreciatively the work of 'Edwin Arlington Robinson,' an American poet of some reputation, almost unknown in this country. The praise is rather un-measured for the specimens given us, but it is certainly time that an edition of his works should be obtainable here. Mr. S. M. Ellis discusses 'The New Byron Letters' without throwing any fresh light on the matter, taking a thoroughly non-committal attitude. M. Cammaerts has a little French poem on the world-worn theme of 'When we are old.' The political articles include 'Wirth the Optimist,' by Mr. R. C. Long, Sir Valentine Chirol on Egypt, Mr. W. Walker on Exchanges, and Mr. Ledward on the Caliphate.

The *Poetry Review* devotes this number to 'Welsh Poets and Poetry' and more especially to those of South Wales. There are printed specimens of the work of a score or more of young Welsh poets, which we read with pleasure and interest. The *Review* reaches a high standard of scholarship in its treatment of the subject, while at the same time it preserves the sentiment of personal feeling in the account of the current work of its contributors.

Competitions

Solutions (and all correspondence relating thereto) should be addressed to the Acrostic Editor, SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2, and should reach there not later than the first post on the Tuesday following the date of publication.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 4.

TWO RIVAL TEAMS WITH SINEWY ARMS COMPETE;
ONE WILL ROAST VICTORY, ONE MOURN DEFEAT.
(Unless the judge declares it a dead heat.)

1. Makes a fair show, but more it cannot claim.
2. Skilled general, and historian of old fame.
3. Low forms of life that flourish on decay.
4. A poet,—half of him we need to-day.
5. Take it; some time, miss, it may serve your turn.
6. So named, he ought not to have much to learn.
7. Long must this wanderer his rudeness rue.
8. "Pleasant" she was, and pleasing, doubtless, too.
9. The word that soothed the German-learner's mind.
10. So she appears, but she may yet prove kind.
11. His daughter to a high priest children bore.
12. My too great fortune vexed Orlando sore.
13. Blood, fire, and famine are her handmaids three.
14. If made in time, no drawback it may be.
15. Transmuted see a vegetable juice.
16. For beauty cultivated, not for use.
17. Few terms so inexact and ill-applied!
18. When Zion fell, we read, this doctrine died.

Solution to Acrostic No. 4.

O rmol U
X enopho N
F ung I
O Vid
R ecip E
D octo R
A hasueru S¹
N aom I²
D ami T³
C o V
A mminada B⁴
M edor O⁵
B ellon A
R etrea T
I ndia-rubbe R
D ahli A
G othi C
E ssen E

- ¹ The Wandering Jew.
- ² The name means "pleasant."
- ³ See Mark Twain's 'Tramp Abroad,' Appendix D. (p. 459).
- ⁴ Aaron married his daughter.
- ⁵ See Ariosto's 'Orlando Furioso.'

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 5.

HERE YOU MAY FIND A MONARCH OF CATHAY
(KNOWN TO COLLECTORS) AND HIS SOBRIQUET.

1. To disentangle this may cost some pains.
2. His very dress bespoke his lack of brains.
3. In broils of state, my poet says, he thrives.
4. So Goldsmith termed the reservoir of lives.
5. Here Pierre used to walk at noon of night.
6. A warlike saint who felt King Canute's might.
7. Fragrant on earth, but brilliant in the sky.
8. O let it not, young friends, misused pass by!
9. Bluff Hal this epithet befits, I fear.
10. "Just one," the toper thinks, "my heart will cheer."
11. The smoothest wall this creature climbs with ease.
12. A dangerous craft to steer through stormy seas.
13. The term's now often sadly misapplied.
14. "Daughter of Night"—don't take her for your guide!
15. By this strange name an English flower is known.
16. On Madeline's fair breast that hue was throned.

ACROSTIC No. 2.—Carlton, Trike, and Oakapple have one mistake each; Beetle, C.O.R., Miss B. Alder, and Prophet, two each; all others more.

ACROSTIC No. 3.—Beetle one mistake, Carlton, two; all others more.

In reply to Oakapple: Skylark is not a good alternative to Stickleback. The male stickleback makes and defends the nest. The lark's nest is made by both parents and not defended by either. The stickleback, too, is much smaller compared to most of our fishes than the lark is compared to most of our birds.

ACROSTIC No. 4.—The only correct solution received was from A. S. Mitchell, The Moorings, Bembridge, I.W., who has selected as his prize 'The Fortnightly Club,' by Horace Hutchinson, published by Murray, which was reviewed in our columns last week under the title 'Mr. Hutchinson on Evolution.'

A. Bowes one mistake, B. Alder two; all others more.

Please do not send solutions of Chess Problems to the Acrostic Editor, or *vice versa*; and note that solutions sent in envelopes not marked 'Competition' must be disqualified.

LITERARY COMPETITION.

The first two subjects for a monthly Literary Competition are announced below.

(a) A prize of Three Guineas will be awarded for the best criticism of 'Hamlet' in the manner of a contemporary dramatic critic. The play is to be treated as the first performance in London of the work of an unknown provincial dramatist. The manner either of a specific well-known critic, or of modern critics in general, may be attempted, and the essay is not to exceed 500 words in length.

(b) A prize of Three Guineas will be awarded for a rhymed epistle from the shadow of Alfred, Lord Tennyson, in reproof of *vers libre* in genera' and Mr. Ezra Pound in particular. The poem should not exceed 24 lines.

The following conditions are to be observed:—

1. All entries must arrive at the SATURDAY REVIEW Office not later than the first post on Saturday, April 22, and the successful entries will be published the following week.
2. The names and addresses of competitors should be clearly stated. Entries will be referred to by the signature below the MS. proper.
3. The Editor will be the sole judge, and can enter into no correspondence with regard to these competitions. He reserves the right to publish any of the MSS. submitted, none of which can be returned. Any unsuccessful MS. published will be paid for.

PUBLISHERS' PRIZE

A prize will be given every week for the first correct solution of the current Acrostic and Chess problem. The prize will consist of a copy of any book (to be selected by the winner) reviewed in the issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW in which the problem was set. The published price of the book must not exceed one guinea, and it must be a book issued by one of the Houses mentioned in the list below.

Envelopes containing solutions must be clearly marked "Competition"; they will not be opened before Tuesday morning, so as to give country readers an equal chance with those in London. Any competitor not so marking his envelope will be disqualified. The name of the winner and of the book selected will be published in the issue following that in which the problem was set. Each competitor should indicate his choice when sending his solution.

The following is the list of publishers whose books may be selected:—

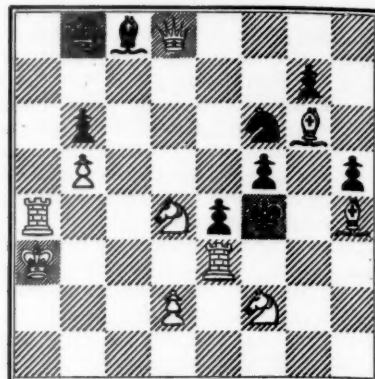
Allen & Unwin	Harrap	Nash & Grayson
Bale, Sons & Danielsson	Hodder & Stoughton	Odams Press
Basil Blackwell	Hodge	Stanley Paul
Burns, Oates & Washbourne	Herbert Jenkins	Putnam's
Chapman & Hall	Hutchinson	Routledge
Collins	Jarrod	Sampson Low
Dent	John Lane, The Bodley	Selwyn & Blount
Fisher Unwin	Head	S.P.C.K.
Foulis	Macmillan	Ward, Lock
Grant Richards	Methuen	Werner Laurie
Gyldendal	Mills & Boon	
	Murray	

The list of Books Received will appear next week.

CHESS PROBLEM No. 22.

By F. HEALEY.

BLACK (9)



WHITE (10)

White to play and mate in two moves.

Solutions should be addressed to the Chess Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW, and reach him by first post on April 11.

PROBLEM No. 21.

Solution.

WHITE:

- (1) P-Q4.
- (2) Mates accordingly.

BLACK:

Any move.

PROBLEM No. 20.—Correct from R. Black, A. S. Brown, Albert Taylor, A. S. Mitchell, Rev. S. W. Sutton, G. C. Hughes, C. O. Grimshaw, G. V. Nixon-Smith, A. Lewis, and E. R.

PROBLEM No. 21.—The first correct solution received was from Mr. H. A. Payne, of Amberley, Glos., who has selected as his prize a book published by a house not included in the list we printed. We shall be obliged if he will indicate his second choice.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CANON DORMER PIERCE.—Kt x Kt in No. 20 is met by P-B3. Your card was insufficiently stamped.

A. LEWIS.—You shall certainly have your figures. Thank you for appreciation; try to get chess friends to solve our problems and send in their solutions and criticisms.

H. B. DUDLEY.—We have written to you.

J. D. HOWELL.—Very sorry we cannot accept your kind invitation. See below.

The organizers of the Easter Week Chess Congress at Weston-super-mare are indeed to be congratulated upon the now assured success of their enterprise and energy. The principal tourney will be fought by the following:—B. Kostich, G. Maroczy, F. D. Yates, Sir G. A. Thomas, J. H. Blake, A. J. Mackenzie, A. Louis, H. E. Price, E. Spencer, and G. Tregaskis; and it will be seen that the first two names are those of masters of world-wide reputation, while the British champion, Mr. Yates, and the winner of the latest City of London championship (Sir George Thomas, now for the fifth time) may be expected, with the assistance of the other great players named, to "extend" the foreigners to the limit of their powers. It is matter for great satisfaction, as well as for fruitful reflection, that such a body of fine players will enter a contest in which the money prizes are comparatively negligible. All the other tourneys 1st, 2nd and 3rd class, to be fought at the meeting, have proved so popular that each has had to be divided into two sections. Altogether we consider that the forthcoming congress in the little West Country town may set a valuable precedent in more than one respect, and that it will very likely mark the beginning of a vast improvement in the average "form" of British chess-players.

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SHEFFIELD STEEL PRODUCTS LIMITED

(Registered under the Companies Acts, 1908 to 1917.)

Manufacturers of Table Cutlery, Files, Saws, Pliers, Spanners, &c.

SHARE CAPITAL - - £4,000,000

DIVIDED INTO

1,250,000 10 per cent. Cumulative Preference and 2,750,000 Ordinary Shares of £1 each, of which 727,001 Preference and 1,730,700 Ordinary Shares have been issued.

There is also issued and outstanding £850,000 8 per cent. First Mortgage Debenture Stock.

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The present issue of Stock is limited to a total issue of £500,000, and, subject to the outstanding First Debenture Stock of £850,000, will be secured by a Trust Deed in favour of Barclays Bank Limited, 54, Lombard Street, E.C. constituting the Stock a second mortgage on the Company's Freehold and Leasehold Land and Buildings, Fixed Plant and Machinery and certain shares, and a second floating charge on all the remaining assets of the Company, and will carry interest at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum, payable half-yearly on 1st May and 1st November, the first payment, calculated on the amount paid up on the Stock from the due dates of payment, being due on the 1st November, 1922.

After providing for all prior charges the Balance Sheet and Report of the Company at 31st December, 1921, show that the Stock now offered will be secured on assets of the value of £2,653,389, thus covering the present issue over five times.

The Stock which will be transferable in multiples of £1 will be repayable at par on or before the 1st May, 1942, through the medium of a Cumulative Sinking Fund, commencing in 1923, by equal annual drawings in March of each year, the first of which will be made in 1925 and the last in 1942. The Company reserves the right to purchase the Stock in open market at a price not exceeding par (but such purchases are not to go in relief of drawings), and to pay off at par the whole or any part (to be determined by drawings) of the Stock which may be outstanding, at any time on six months' notice in writing.

BARCLAYS BANK LIMITED, Head Office, 54, Lombard Street, E.C. and Branches, and THE UNION BANK OF MANCHESTER, LIMITED, High Street, Sheffield; Head Office, York Street, Manchester, and Branches, are authorized by the Company to receive applications for the above £500,000 6 per cent. Stock.

Shareholders and Debenture Stockholders of the Company will be given preferential treatment in allotment in respect of £250,000 of the present issue.

ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

Sheffield Steel Products Ltd., is the largest manufacturer of Table Cutlery in the United Kingdom and probably in the world. By the introduction of modern methods it is able to produce Table Cutlery, Saws, Files, Spanners, Pliers, etc., in larger quantities and at lower prices than any other firm in the country.

Amongst the firms included in its organization are W. K. & C. Peace, Ltd., dating from 1710, and known throughout the world for the excellence of its files and edge tools; Joseph Peace & Co., Ltd., established over 200 years, one of Sheffield's best-known saw-manufacturers; Moses Eadon & Sons, Ltd., established in 1823, manufacturers of "Vingo" high-speed and other crucible

steels, and Boswell, Hatfield & Co., Ltd., pioneers in this country of machine grinding for cutlery and holders of important patents, which enable the Company to compete successfully in both home and foreign markets in the largest section of its manufactures.

The linking up of these old-established businesses has proved of great value, and the Company has been successful since its inception.

ASSETS.

The assets and liabilities of the Company, exclusive of Goodwill, Patents, Trade Marks and Licences, as shown by the Directors (Continued on next page).

SHEFFIELD STEEL PRODUCTS, LIMITED.

tors' Report and the Balance Sheet at 31st December, 1921, were as follows:—

Assets:—	
Freehold and Leasehold Land and Buildings	£1,041,325
Machinery, Fixed Plant, Fittings, Tools, etc.	1,577,723
(As per valuation dated 30th September, 1920, with additions thereto at cost).	
	2,619,048
Less Depreciation Reserve	85,000
	2,534,048
Stock (valued by the Officials of the Company)	736,307
Less Special Stock Reserve	100,000
	636,307
Debtors	268,673
Investments at cost	106,529
Cash	180,332
	3,725,889
Liabilities:—	
First Mortgage Debenture Stock	850,000
Creditors, including †Bank Loan, Debenture Interest accrued, and estimated provision for Taxation to 31st December, 1921	543,254
	1,393,254
Excess Assets	£2,332,635

*The value of the Freehold Land and Buildings included in this figure is £716,406.

† A second Debenture for £180,000 has since been given to the Company's Bankers as collateral security, but will be discharged out of the proceeds of the present issue.

After providing for all prior charges the assets as shown are sufficient, without adding the proceeds of the present issue, to cover the Stock now offered more than five times.

WORKS.

The Company owns 22 Freehold and Leasehold Factories in the North and Midlands, having a total working floor space of over 2,000,000 superficial feet, equipped with modern machinery suitable for bulk production. The Templeborough Factory at Sheffield stands on over 30 acres of freehold land and is on the point of completion, much of the factory already being in use. This factory will be practically self-contained with its own Steel Plant, Rolling and Cogging Mills, Water Gas Plant, Stamping and Machine Shops.

Adjoining the works at Templeborough, on the main tram route from Sheffield to Rotherham, the Company has acquired 356 houses for employees and several acres of freehold building land for further accommodation. The replacement cost of these houses to-day considerably exceeds the price at which they stand in the Company's books.

The present issue is for the purpose of repaying temporary loans from the Company's Bankers and providing working Capital.

PROFITS.

The following Certificate has been received from the Company's Auditors:—

STIRLING CHAMBERS, SHEFFIELD,
28th March, 1922.

To the Directors, SHEFFIELD STEEL PRODUCTS, LTD.

Gentlemen,—We have audited the accounts of your Company and examined those of the businesses now amalgamated with it, and certify that the combined profits for the past six years before charging Interest, Directors' Salaries, Taxation, and before fully providing for realization of Stock at 31st December, 1921, but after charging Depreciation at ordinary rates, were as follows:—

For the years ending in 1916	£126,243
" " " " 1917	166,335
" " " " 1918	208,697
" " " " 1919	292,554
" " year ending 31st December, 1920	310,610
" " " " " 1921	216,935

Yours faithfully,

WILLIAM WING & SON,
Chartered Accountants.

The profits for the year ended December, 1921, would have exceeded those for the previous year but for the large provision necessary in writing down stocks. The Directors have also made further special provision of £100,000 Stock Reserve to cover any fluctuation in value of stocks which may be experienced during the current year.

A brokerage of 10s. per cent. will be paid on all Debenture Stock allotted in respect of applications bearing the stamp of a broker or other authorized agent.

Applications for Stock may be made on the accompanying form and lodged with Barclays Bank Limited; Head Office, 54, Lombard Street, E.C.3, or any of their branches; The Union Bank of Manchester, Limited, High Street, Sheffield; Head Office, York Street, Manchester, or any of their Branches, together with the amount payable on application.

Where no allotment is made the remittance will be returned in full, and where the amount of Stock allotted is less than the amount applied for, the balance of such remittance will be credited in reduction of the amount payable on allotment, and any excess returned to the applicant. Interest at the rate of 10 per cent. will be charged on instalments in arrear, and failure to pay at due dates the amounts payable on such dates will render all previous payments liable to forfeiture.

Prospectuses and Forms of Application can be obtained from Barclays Bank Limited; Head Office and Branches; The Union Bank of Manchester, Limited, Sheffield, and Branches; from Messrs. Clifford Turner & Hopton, 81-87, Gresham Street, E.C.; from the Brokers to the issue, and from the Company's Offices.

Directors.

SIR GEORGE CUNNINGHAM BUCHANAN, K.C.I.E., 16 Victoria Street, London, S.W.

I. HEMMINGS, Broombank, Westbourne Road, Sheffield.

R. E. SKIPWITH, M.B.E., Ruddington, Notts.

A. H. WILD, Greystones Hall, Sheffield.

J. T. WOOD, Oakwood, Taptonville Crescent, Sheffield.

Bankers.

THE UNION BANK OF MANCHESTER, LIMITED, High Street, Sheffield.

Solicitors.

CLIFFORD TURNER & HOPTON, 81-87, Gresham Street, E.C.

To the Company.

HUBBARD, SON & EVE, 7, Queen Street, Cheapside, E.C.

To the Trustees to the Debenture Stockholders.

Auditors.

WILLIAM WING & SON, F.C.A., Stirling Chambers, Sheffield.

Brokers.

London: SIDNEY J. LOVELL & Co., Pinners Hall, Austin Friars, E.C.

Glasgow: A. G. PEARSON & Co., 68, Gordon Street,

Leeds: TENNANT & HIRST, Commercial Buildings, Park Row,

Liverpool: EDGAR HENRIQUES & Co., 5, Tithebarn Street,

Sheffield: J. W. NICHOLSON & SON, 2, High Street,

and STOCK EXCHANGES.

Secretary and Registered Office.

E. R. EYRE, 14-16, Cockspur Street, Pall Mall, London, S.W.

Dated 31st March, 1922.

This form may be filled up and forwarded to BARCLAYS BANK LIMITED, Head Office, 54, Lombard Street, London, E.C.3, or any of their Branches, or THE UNION BANK OF MANCHESTER LIMITED, High Street, Sheffield, or any of their Branches, together with a remittance for the amount payable on application.

No.....

SHEFFIELD STEEL PRODUCTS, LIMITED.

Registered under the Companies Acts, 1908 to 1917.

Issue at £80 per cent. of £500,000 6 per cent. Second Mortgage Debenture Stock.

The Stock will be transferable in multiples of £1.

FORM OF APPLICATION.

To the Directors,

SHEFFIELD STEEL PRODUCTS, LIMITED.

Gentlemen,

Having paid to your Bankers the sum of £....., being a Deposit of 10 per cent. on Application for £..... of the above Second Mortgage Debenture Stock of your Company, I/we request you to allot me/us that amount of Stock and agree to accept the same or any smaller amount that may be allotted to me/us, upon the terms and conditions contained in the Prospectus dated 31st March, 1922, and of the Memorandum of Association of the Company, and I/we undertake to pay the balance due from me/us as provided by the said Prospectus, and I/we authorise you to register me/us as holders of the said Debenture Stock.

Dated this.....1922.

Usual Signature

Name in full (BLOCK LETTERS).....
(State if Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Address (in full).....

Occupation

Please write distinctly.

Cheques should be drawn payable to Bearer and crossed "Barclays Bank Limited," or "The Union Bank of Manchester Limited."

Any alteration from "Order" to "Bearer" must be authenticated by the Drawer's signature.

No receipt will be issued for payment on application, but an acknowledgment will be forwarded in due course, either by letter of allotment in whole or in part or by return of Deposit.

Company Meeting

SCOTTISH WIDOWS' FUND LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.

THE ONE HUNDRED AND EIGHTH ANNUAL GENERAL COURT of the Society was held in the Society's office, Edinburgh, on Tuesday, April 4, Sir Henry Cook, W.S. (Chairman of the ordinary court of directors), presiding.

In moving the adoption of the report and accounts, the Chairman said:—

The year 1921 did not present the same highly favourable conditions for life assurance work which prevailed in 1920 and which enabled us to report for that year a record new business. Some reaction would probably have been natural in any case; but any such natural tendency was altogether overshadowed by the special events of the year, which will long be remembered as the year of the great coal dispute. Added to the resulting unemployment and general depression, there was political unrest in many directions and the danger, hardly yet averted, of civil war in Ireland. These are not favourable conditions for business in general and for life assurance in particular; but notwithstanding these difficulties we granted during the year new life assurances for the satisfactory total of £2,455,000 gross, or £2,365,000 net after deduction of re-assurances, producing a net new annual premium income of £95,600. There was a considerable increase in the amount of the deferred annuities effected, the amount having risen from £3,500 in 1919 to £9,800 in 1920, while last year the amount was £14,700, bringing in new premiums of over £5,000 per annum. Thus the total new premiums placed on the books last year amounted to just over £101,000 per annum.

I am glad to say that owing to the careful selection of lives the amount of death claims was again well within that for which provision is made in our valuations. In 1920 the claims were particularly light, while last year, as though to restore the balance, they rose to rather above our average, namely to £1,307,000, representing about 81 per cent. of the amount for which provision was made. A careful analysis of the claims shows that they were favourable in character, and that indeed the average age at death was higher than in the previous year. When due allowance is made for this fact, and for the release of the reserves held against the policies, the year's mortality shows a satisfactory profit.

The claims arising by matured policies, i.e., those payable in lifetime, showed a further increase and amounted to £447,000. This increase is not unsatisfactory, for it is the business of the society to pay claims, and in cases of this kind the policies have run their full course, so that when the claims arise the society holds against the policies reserves amounting to the full sum payable.

The premium income again shows an increase and amounted to £1,593,000, as compared with an average of £1,440,000 for our last quinquennial period and of £1,311,000 for the previous five years.

The interest income shows an increase of about £45,000 gross, representing an increase of about 3s. 6d. in the gross rate of interest, and after deduction of income-tax the net interest income increased from about £908,000 in 1920 to £944,000 in 1921. Commission and expenses of management were both reduced, and the ratio of expense fell from about 13½ per cent. in 1920 to 12½ per cent. in 1921. The operations of the year resulted in a surplus of £287,000 of income over outgoings, and this sum having been added to the assurance and annuity funds they amounted at the end of the year to £22,820,000. These movements were all in the right direction, and they cannot, I think, fail to be satisfactory to the members. (Applause.)

The investment of the Society's very large funds continually engages the most careful attention of the directors. I need hardly say that the security of the funds is the paramount consideration in our minds, and we are fully alive also to the importance of securing an adequate return and avoiding depreciation. The dangerously high and oppressive rate of income-tax bears heavily upon our finance, as you will appreciate when you see that the income-tax borne by the Society last year amounted to over £261,000. The reduction of only 1s. in the rate of tax would mean a saving to the Society of over £40,000 a year, or with interest about £225,000 in a quinquennium. We can but hope that ere long some appreciable reduction in the rate of tax may be made. (Applause.)

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted, the re-election of directors was carried, and the thanks of the members were accorded to the directors, agents and officials for their work during the year. The meeting then resolved itself into a special general meeting to consider the provisional order to which the Chairman referred in his address, and on his motion, seconded by Sheriff J. A. Fleming, K.C., it was resolved that the provisional order should be consented to.

The proceedings terminated with a vote of thanks to the Chairman.

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